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EIGHTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1892. NUMBER 15.

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AN IMPORTANT BILL

For Material Men and the Laboring Classes.

The following bill, of interest to material and laboring men, passed the lower house of the General Assembly last week: An act to amend chapter seventy (70), General Statutes, title "Liens in Favor of Mechanics."

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:

§ 1. That section one of chapter seventy (70), General Statutes, be, and the same is hereby repealed, and therefore the following is substituted, to wit:

§ 1. A person who performs labor or furnishes materials in the erection, altering or repairing a house, building or other structure, or for any fixture or machinery therein, or for the excavation of cellars, cisterns, vaults, wells, or for the improvement in any manner of real estate by contract with or by the written consent of the owner, shall have a lien thereon, and upon the land upon which said improvement shall have been made, or on any interest such owner has in the same, to secure the amount thereof, with costs; and said lien on the land or improvements, shall be superior to any mortgage or encumbrance created subsequent to the beginning of the labor or the furnishing of the materials; and there shall be no homestead or other exemptions as against the lien herein, and in the following sections provided for, and said lien, if asserted as hereinafter provided, shall relate back, and take effect from the time of the commencement of the labor or the furnishing of the materials."

§ 2. And section five (5) of said chapter is hereby repealed, and therefor the following is substituted, to wit:

"§ 5, If the labor performed or materials furnished shall not be performed or furnished by contract with the owner, but for a contractor or sub-contractor, no lien shall attach for the same unless notice in writing be given by the claimant to the owner within (20) days after he ceases to labor or furnish materials that a lien will be claimed, setting forth in the notice the amount of the claim and what for. If the owner shall fail to pay upon such notice, the property shall be in lien for the amount he ought to pay as prescribed in the first section of this chapter. But the liens authorized by this chapter shall have no effect if security shall have been taken for the labor performed or materials furnished."

§ 3. And because many laboring men and material men are, by the present inadequate and delusive lien law, deceived as to their rights, which are few, if any, upon that subject, an emergency therefor exists, and this act shall take effect upon its approval by the Governor.

Ruth to Bennie.

Now 'oo dit out, Bennie M'Tee, my papa's tumin' bat adain, an' I'se tumin', too. 'Oo will have to div me dat wattle-box and 'spress wagon, an' 'oo gan'pa will have to div' his woom to my papa. All dem nice play sings and pets what 'oo have dot will be mine after while, when I'se a little bit bigger dirl. 'Oo sink 'oose smart toz 'oo lives in de white house. My papa used to live dere; I never did, but I'se doan to. Den I will drive 'oo out; I hate 'oo, Baby M'Tee. If it wasn't fo' 'oo gan'pa I would have been born in de white house. But 'oo dis never mind; when my papa tums back, an' I dit in your play house and dit all dem nice sings, 'oo shan't tum in and play: I don't want 'oo to ever speak to me any more, taus I'm mad to you.—Enquirer headlines.

No Work, No Pay.

The "Hobbs" bill to stop the pay of members of the General Assembly, when absent from their duties, except when detained by sickness of themselves or families, came up in the house yesterday, with a substitute by the committee reporting the bill, providing for extending the provisions of the bill to other officers of the State government. The subject was made a special order for Wednesday, June 29th, inst. The bill has numerous friends in the House, and present appearances indicate the passage by that body of an act covering most of the prominent features of this bill.—Frankfort Capital.

Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure all malarial disorders, when taken according to directions. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Another From Texas.

DALLAS, TEXAS, June 22, 1892.

The State Missionary convention is in session at this place. My lodging was secured by the pastor of Central church in the royal home of Mrs. Hamilton, one block from the church. There are many distinguished ministers attending the convention from most of the Southern States.

The News reports a wreck in the political convention at Chicago. The Democrats here are loud in their expressions for Cleveland, though admitting he is not quite elected after the nomination.

The Peoples party will have a convention here tomorrow. They only think of putting out a State ticket. This party is numerous in the South, but poorly organized.

The city of Dallas is in great excitement caused by the murder of two policemen. There was an attempt made by about 1,000 armed men, on the night of the 18th inst., to drag the prisoners from the jail and riddle their bodies with balls ranging from the size of a pocket gun to that of a good sized cannon. The mob engaging in the riot had the artillery of Oak Cliff in their possession and planted it on the jail. Their intended work of mob violence was held in check by a strong police organization until about midnight, at which time important speeches were made with force enough to induce this mighty army of excited blood hounds to delay the execution of the prisoners for a time.

There is no drought in this part of the great Lone Star State. Crops of all kinds are unusually good. This, in my opinion, is the best part of Texas for farming purposes. The soil has been fully tested. Indeed, I must say this is a magnificent country. At the same time I wish to state I am only a health seeker in the great Southwest and not seeking a location. Again I will intimate I do not consider this community free from all objections. This will cause some of my Kentucky friends to wonder why I make such hints without giving them a list of the things I don't like. I suppose they will pardon the delay when they remember I promised in a former letter to THE HERALD to tell no bad "tails" while I was down South.

Glad to say my health is improving. Preached at Hutchins, fifteen miles south of Dallas, last Sunday. I have not been so well since. I suppose it will not be long before I can get my consent to leave Texas. Don't let anybody's wife or children write me a long love letter, closing with a cordial invitation to the cool shades of Kentucky, or I will be taken with a great spell to rush off on the first north bound freight train, standing on my feet all the night long, jumping from one corner of a cattle car to the other just in time to avoid the gore of a long-horned Texas steer or the wound of a steel spear held by the cow boy on the top of the car and goading the cattle to keep them on foot, all of which could have been avoided by waiting one hour longer and boarding Pullman's palace passenger. Please let no such message come. If there is anything in my letter that would cause anybody who don't know me to think I am homesick or dissatisfied leave that out. If my letter is too long I will write more next time in shorthand. With best wishes, I am

Yours, etc., D. H. F.

Fall In!

Ye tried and true Democrats? Sure we must fight if we would win; increase our courage, Grover; just say you'll be, when you go in. a Democrat all over. We can't be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. We can not fight for years and years and live on bread and cheese. For some like cake and others pie and meat, to say the least, and when we win we hate to see the other fellows feast. When March the fourth again shall rise, and Grover Cleveland shine, he'll call us up, if he be wise, and put us dead in line. Don't jolly up the Mugwump now, by talking through your hat; remember what a man once said: "I am a Democrat." That little phrase shines out like gold; if you will but repeat it, the enemy will lose its hold, and we will help defeat it.—Headlines in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, operating through the blood, radically cures scrofulous taint.

Cleveland and Stevenson.

In Mr. Cleveland the Democratic party have a leader whom all Democrats can trust; whom all Americans in all parties can trust; for whether they agree with him or not they know that he is sincere, candid, honest, manly, American, a man of the people, full of sympathy for the masses, with a genuine American's aversion to classes; not rash in forming opinions; never given to jumping at conclusions; but tenacious to his purposes when convinced that he is right, and willing always to sacrifice his own fortunes to his ideas of what is right and honest, of what is true and manly, of what makes for the welfare of all Americans. As the Democratic nominee he stands for clean politics; for a free and unbought ballot; for honest and economical administration.

In nominating for the Vice Presidency Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, the Chicago convention completed its work admirably. "Cleveland and Stevenson" make a very strong ticket. Excepting Mr. Cleveland himself no one is more popular in Illinois and in the West than Mr. Stevenson. Like Mr. Cleveland, he is a man and not a money bags. He has come up from the people. He stands for American manhood and manhood rights, not for money and money privileges. He was put on the ticket because he was qualified for Vice President, and not to "reach into Wall street" or to "pay the freight."

There is every prospect that this ticket will carry New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin against Harrison. Cleveland and Stevenson will be inaugurated next March. In the meantime let all Democrats prepare for a heated campaign in which every Democrat must do his duty.—Lexington Transcript.

Gov. Hill and the Ticket.

Months ago, the Capital stated its belief that Mr. Cleveland would be nominated, and that when this was accomplished, Gov. Hill would go home and rally his friends, in Tammany and out of it, and tell them that New York must be carried for the ticket. He has been charged with the defeat of 1888, and can only wipe out that charge by carrying the State for Cleveland this year. We have no reason for changing these views; to the contrary, are strengthened in them by the following utterances from Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, which appeared yesterday in the press dispatches:

"The New York storm can be quelled as easily as it was raised, and upon Senator Hill will devolve the duty as a Democrat to end it. He is a young man, but a wise man and a loyal Democrat, and when he sees how imperative is the demand made by the country for Cleveland he must fall in here and do his duty to the party. Of course he will do it. It is an insult to Senator Hill to suggest, even by implication, that he will not lend his full energies to the election of our candidate. It is within his right to do all that has been done in Chicago up to the present time, but the nomination once made, the situation changes, and Senator Hill and the gentlemen who have done such excellent work for him, will be for the nominee."—Frankfort Capital.

Senator Voorhees on the Ticket.

At a Cleveland and Stevenson ratification meeting at Terre Haute, Indiana, Senator Voorhees said that while the Indiana Democrats were disappointed that Gray was not on the ticket, yet Gen. Stevenson was a personal friend of his, and he knew him to be an able, clean and thoroughly acceptable candidate. Senator Voorhees said Indiana would cast her electoral votes for Cleveland and Stevenson, and that no prediction was surer to be fulfilled than that.

A newspaper is always printed in a rush, says the New York Sun. There is always something in it that should have been left out; something left out that should have been put in. It is sometimes too quick to act, but with all its shortcomings there is more education in a bright newspaper than there is in any novel. You will find the brightest boy on practical, sensible, every-day questions the boy who reads the newspapers.

The cheapest and best stationery can be found at THE HERALD office.

The Peoples party in Texas has nominated a State ticket.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

THE PLACE FOR HIM.

Bige Bean wuz born upon a farm,
But farm work didn't agree
With Bijah Bean, an' so he said:
"This ain't no place fer me."
He lived content while he could play
Ez long ez he could see,
But when they brought him work, he said:
"This ain't no place fer me."

An' so he lef' the farm behin'
An' run away to sea;
"There ain't no taters there to dig,
An' work is skurce," sez he.
But there they made him scrub the deck;
This wuz too much; sez he,
Ez he went leapin' overboard:
"This ain't no place fer me."

An' then he started out an' swum
Right through the ragin' sea;
"This feels like work," he soon allowed,
"This ain't no place fer me."
A merchant vessel picked him up,
An' in a bunk he curled,
Until they dropped him down upon
The other side the world.

An' then them pig-tailed Chinamen
Set him to pickin' tea,
He worked for half an hour, an' said:
"This ain't no place fer me.
W'y, this is jest like work," he cried,
An awful terror spread
Through all his featurs, an' he fell
Like one who's dropped down dead.

He went into a fever,
Fell to ravin' like a Turk,
An' he thought thet he wuz runnin'
All the time away from work.
Once he dreamed thet he wuz work'n',
An' he leaped up strong an' free,
An' lef' his bed, an' run an' shrieked:
"This ain't no place fer me."

He come back to America
To hunt for rest an' peace,
An' at last he got app'inted
With full pay on the police.
An' his tired soul it satisfied,
"I've foun' my place," sez he,
"At last I got away from work,
This is the place fer me."
—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"It is Lucy!" they heard her say. "You could not have painted this if you had not known her. It is Lucy Cromer!"

With one impulse they moved to the spot where she was standing, and the chaplain saw that her gaze was fixed on that study of a head which Seaward had shown him two or three days ago. Her face had grown pale with intense feeling; her clear eyes were slowly filling with tears.

"It is like, oh, so like!" she said. "It has brought her back to me, and she was my dearest friend. Only while she lived her face was sadder than this. She did not look perfectly happy till she was dead."

"Dead!" the word came from Claud Villiers.

They all turned and looked at him. He stood grasping the back of a chair

"IT IS LIKE, OH, SO LIKE!"

and gazing at Olive with an expression that almost terrified her, it was so full of hopeless misery.

"Where did she die?" he asked, bringing out his words in a strange, hoarse voice "How long ago?"

"At Eastmeon, a little village in Hampshire, just after harvest last year."

This was Olive's answer, spoken in a tremulous tone. Her eyes seemed to be questioning Claud; an instinct told her that he had been the cause of that mysterious grief which had shortened Lucy's life.

As in a vision she saw once more the little room, filled with the glow of an autumn sunset, and the jessamine flowers. Once more she beheld the light on Lucy's face, and heard the dying voice speaking of forgiveness.

"Forgive, if you would find peace," it said. "Forgive if you would have your wounds healed, and feel the soft touch of Christ's finger on your sore heart."

And then, as if that voice were prompting her, she spoke quite calmly, with her steadfast gaze still fixed on Claud Villiers.

"Lucy had suffered great wrongs. She did not tell me what they were; but at the last she forgave them all. She was very happy when she died. I never saw anyone who enjoyed such perfect peace."

The unhappy man who had listened to these words turned suddenly away. Olive had smitten him as Nathan smote David. For a few seconds there was silence; then the door opened and shut, and they knew that Claud was gone.

"What does this mean, Seaward?" Adeline Villiers asked. Her face was haughty; her tone cool and composed. She was fronting Aylstone and looking at him with gray eyes that seemed to read his very heart.

A flush mounted to his bronzed forehead, and he glanced away, ashamed to meet her searching gaze. It was the chaplain who answered the difficult question; and his voice, gentle and quiet as ever, soothed the perturbed spirits near him.

"Miss Villiers, you have now learned a thing that ought to have been told you long ago. Do not be hard on Seaward; he wanted you to know everything, but Claud refused to speak; Mrs. Villiers insisted on his silence. Lucy Cromer, once your grandmother's companion, was Claud's promised wife."

"And he threw her over," said Adeline, coolly, "because he was afraid of grandmother. He preferred to break his heart (such as it is!) rather than lose an old woman's money. Mr. Sydney, I thank you sincerely for bringing Miss Winfield here to-day."

"I did not know that her coming would lead to this disclosure," he replied. "But I am glad that you know the truth. Only I wish that it had not been revealed in such a sudden way."

"I am sorry," said Olive, softly. "It was so startling to find her face *here!* And I never knew Lucy's story; she did not blame anyone. She forgave all."

"The dying saint might forgive, but the living sinner cannot." Adeline spoke in her old-spirited fashion. "Don't be sorry, Miss Winfield; you have done me a very great kindness. You shall hear now that I have been tricked into an engagement with my cousin Claud—the man who has just gone out of the room. When he was absent, and sad, and languid—as he often was—I set it down to weak health, and not to a guilty conscience. My grandmother always had a store of excellent excuses ready; and even Seaward—"

"Seaward craves your mercy, Adeline," Alystone said, humbly.

"I was blinded," she went on. "I thought, as people generally do think, that it would all come right by and by, for him and for me. As if anything could go well with a man who had been utterly and hopelessly false!"

Again there was a pause; and then the chaplain turned to Olive, and said, quietly, that they would go.

"Good-by, Miss Winfield," Adeline said, kindly. "We will meet here again some time. I am very glad to have seen you. Don't be sorry, please, for what has happened to-day."

Poor Olive, with old memories and new feelings whirling in her brain, was glad to find herself outside the house. Mr. Sidney wisely forebore to talk to her just then; but he did not part with her without speaking reassuring words. She went through the shop, and up to her little room like one in a dream. Her recent grief seemed to be put far away in the background; Lucy's story was more real to-day than her own. Yet through all her confusing thoughts she was conscious of a kind of tender compassion for Seaward Aylstone, and a distinct remembrance of his distressed look. It was always hard, she mused, for a true person to be mixed up with falseness and deceit; and he was surely true.

When the two cousins were left alone in the studio, Adeline's face underwent a change. She softened a little, and sat down quietly in a low chair by the fire.

"Seaward," she said, looking up at him as he stood leaning dejectedly against the chimney piece, "if you were to win that girl and cast her off I should hate you. I hope you will marry her; I hope you will prove that baseness does not run in our blood."

"She must have carried away a delightful impression of Claud and me," he muttered, gloomily. "I daresay she will be afraid ever to look at me again."

"You can remove the impression if you take pains," Adeline replied. "And of course Mr. Sidney will help you. I like that man; he has made a study of humanity, and knows exactly how to deal with it. If it had not been for him I should not easily have got a direct explanation to-day."

Seaward shifted his position and sighed.

"Claud must remember the morning when he brought Lucy Cromer here for me to make a study of her," he said. "Grandmother had sent her out shopping, and they contrived to meet. He set the jessamine spray in her hair; it was his favorite flower, and he liked her to wear it. You see, Adeline, he counted on granny's real affection for the girl, he thought they might persuade her to forgive them if they were once married."

"She might have forgiven them; it was quite possible. I have never once heard Lucy Cromer's name till to-day. Granny has kept the secret with wonderful craft. Go on, Seaward, and tell me all that you know."

Seaward did tell her all that he knew. And when he had finished, she drew a long breath and rose from her seat.

"I don't want to see Claud any more," she said, quietly. "If I remain with granny, it must be understood that he is not to come to the house. As to granny herself, I feel quite equal to the task of reducing her to submission. If you are not too much used up, Seaward, you may come and hear me announce my intentions to her."

But Seaward weakly owned that he would rather not be present at the scene. He wanted to smoke a pipe in peace, and calm his mind. So Adeline went off alone.

Mrs. Villiers was indeed reduced to submission that very evening. To do the old woman justice she had sent many an uneasy thought after Lucy Cromer. And when Adeline described the afternoon's experiences, and told of Lucy's death, the shock was too great for granny. She astonished Miss Villiers by bursting into tears, and losing all her starch and buckram, so that Adeline was really touched and softened.

"Never mind, granny," her granddaughter said. "You cannot restore Lucy to life; but you can carefully refrain from meddling with other lives, in the future."

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD LOVES.

Winter days have come at last; the plane-trees in the old churchyard of the Savoy was stripped of leaves, the ash showed only a lattice-work of bare boughs; but the grass was freshly green, and the ivy spread its beautiful

HE LOOKED IRRESOLUTE.

tapestry over the bank that sloped sharply down to the chapel walls. The gray tower stood up against a grayer sky, but the sunshine of a contented mind lay warm on Olive's life.

It seemed to be the most natural thing in the world for Seaward Aylstone to join her as they came out of chapel on Sundays. They always talked to each other in a friendly fashion; yet on her side there was a little reserve, on his a great deal of deference. Olive was not a girl who wore her heart upon her sleeve. It was a very faithful heart, its deep wounds were even now scarcely healed, and she carried it securely locked up in her own bosom. As to Seaward, he had always been rather a grave young man, who had chosen to live his own life and work hard at his profession. But it had never been a selfish life, and the fame that he had won had not been gained at the cost of better things.

Their talk about Lucy had brought them nearer together than anything else could have done. Her portrait was hanging now on the wall of Olive's little room, and its presence there gave her a sense of quiet companionship.

All was quiet in Olive's life now—thoughts, friendships, hopes, were all of the most tranquil kind. The calm that had first fallen on her spirit within the chapel walls had never passed away, the chaplain's voice still led her "forth beside the waters of comfort;" and day after day she proved that it was:

"Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright."

One day Aaron Fenlake came to see her again. He had found work to do, but the wages were small, and he looked sadly wan and wasted. There was no need to tell her that Michael was married; she had seen the announcement of his marriage in the paper, and no further tidings of him had ever reached her ears. But Aaron had watched opportunities, and had even hung about old Mr. Battersby's great house at Hampstead to find out how things went on

"Why are you anxious to know?" Olive asked. "I think it is best to be in ignorance. Let him alone; we have nothing more to do with him, Aaron."

"I want to see whether the wicked will always flourish like the green bay tree," he answered grimly. "I am waiting for the time when he will be withered up, root and branch. Hasn't he spoiled your life and mine?"

"No," she said; "it is our own fault if our lives are spoiled, not his. We are fools, Aaron, if we will not build a new house because the old palace is a ruin. Are we to waste our time in sitting among the fragments of shattered hopes and mourning over them?"

"That is just what I am doing every day," replied Aaron.

"And that is just what you must not do. Aaron, why can't you leave off brooding over your wrongs? Is your heart so full of hate that there is no room for love in it?"

He was silent, and she went on.

"Have you forgotten Jane? I hear that Robert Steel is expected home in the spring. Aaron, the most faithful heart cannot wait and trust for ever if no sign is given."

His gloomy face flushed, and a sudden light gleamed in his eyes. The little shaft had sped home at last.

"Instead of waiting to see Michael withered up root and branch—a thing which never will come to pass, I hope—why not make sure of one good thing while it may still be had? Why not go back to the old village and revive the old love? I wish, Aaron, that you could get some work to do in the country."

"I have never thought of trying," he said, struck by the idea.

"It would be good for you to get out of London. Promise me, Aaron, that you will write to your old acquaintances in Petersfield. There may be something for you to do."

"I will think of it, Olive," he replied.

"No, don't think of it—do it. Somehow your thinking always ends in a kind of melancholy dreaming. Write to Jane, and tell her that you want to come back to the old shire!"

He looked irresolute. She sprang up and got pen, ink and paper.

"There," she said, dipping the pen in the ink, and putting it into his hand. "I will stand over you resolutely till the letter is written."

And she laughed—a soft, merry laugh that seemed to come ringing back from the past.

He had never heard her laugh since she had come to London, and the sound recalled their early days as nothing else had ever done. Once more he was a shy lad, roaming through old meadows with two happy girls. Once more he seemed to breathe that fresh, free air that has a wild poetry in it, and sings to the heart like a sweet song. The scent of the fields, the keen breath of morning, the perfume of honeysuckle on the warm evening breeze, all this came back to him again.

Olive was right. Among the old downs he might find his true self again and be a happier man than he could ever have been in London. Some men are always rustics at heart—they lose all sense of freedom in cities, and constant intercourse with many people drives them back into the grim fortress of self. Aaron had never thriven on London soil; the fresh hill breeze had often whispered to him in the crowded streets and brought tears to his eyes. He was passionately in love with his old home, and his heart refused to admit any new affections. It was this morbid faithfulness that had made him cling to Michael and had made Michael almost hate him.

His face had softened when Olive laughed. Both faces seemed to grow younger as they bent over the sheet of note-paper; hers had recaptured the sunny playfulness that sorrow had driven away, his had regained the old boyish look of sober amusement. While the sunshine of the moment lingered about him he began to write, and so the letter was finished and folded and stamped, and actually dropped into a letter-box.

That letter came to Eastmoen in the gray of a winter morning, when Jane Challock, having given her father his breakfast, was standing at the cottage door. A robin had broken the chill silence with its clear song, unconsciously cheering Jane's heart as she looked out across the bare garden. The well-known step of the postman sounded on the road, but Jane had left off looking for letters from Aaron, and was trying to live on unsustained by the old hope. Yet she started and felt her

IN MRS. HOOPER'S KITCHEN.

heart throbbing very fast when the man paused at the gate.

She ran out to receive the letter. Perhaps it was for Mrs. Hooper or Mrs. Challock. Olive wrote regularly to them both. But no, this letter was addressed to Jane herself in Aaron's well-remembered handwriting. The warm blood rushed to her cheeks, and she was rosy and gay in spite of the bleak morning.

She carried her treasure into Mrs. Hooper's cottage that she might enjoy it in peace; for Peggy Challock, her sister, had a habit of tarnishing the luster of new joys by a few chilly words. Peggy had never had any lovers of her own, and always steadily refused to believe in other people's sweethearts until they became husbands. Michael Chase had proved himself utterly false; Aaron Fenlake had forgotten old attachments; men were all alike, and sensible girls ought not to allow themselves to be taken in. As no one had ever attempted to take Peggy in, she had never been exposed to any danger; but she went on dinning her warnings into Jane's ears until the girl was tired of hearing them.

So Jane read her letter in the friendly shelter of Mrs. Hooper's kitchen, and the old woman and the young one rejoiced together. They rejoiced all the more because old Bartlett, the well-to-do miller, was looking about for a steady young man to help him in his business and be the prop of his old age. And who could be steadier than Aaron?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANARCHIST'S WEAPONS.

Something About Dynamite and the Other Explosives Used in Paris.

The use of dynamite is so thoroughly controled in France that one would think it next to impossible for anarchists to get much into their possession.

There are in the whole country but two societies for the manufacture of explosives which have nitro-glycerine as their basis; and these are allowed to produce dynamite only in lots to fill orders.

A contractor, for instance, wants so many pounds of this substance for blasting in a tunnel. He addresses the prefect of his department, who gives him a permission to purchase the specified quantiny for a specified use. The contractor orders, and the society makes the requisite amount. Eight days after the delivery of the article the contractor must furnish to an agent of the prefect the proofs of the uses to which the dynamite has been put, even to the last grain.

Thefts of dynamite at factories are impossible, and they are rare at the offices of contractors. The French police think that the anarchists do not run the risk of stealing dynamite, when they can make all the explosives they want with such simple appliances as a basin, a little sulphuric acid, some nitric acid, glycerine and sawdust, all to be treated without trouble in a small bed-room. It is said that the proportions of the mixture are indicated in little pamphlets, or anarchist primers, handed round among the members of various groups.

In the mines in the north of France the miners are paid so much per yard of progress in the coal seams. The contractor furnishes dynamite to the miner at about forty cents per pound, and keeps back the amount on the weekly wages. It would be very easy for a miner to keep back a canteen now and then, and thus to enter into possession of quite a little stock of dynamite. But these cartridges used in the mines produce very little effect when exploded in the open air, and the results in the Rue de Clichy were so tremendous that chemists are unwilling to ascribe them to dynamite.

The habit is to designate as "dynamite" all kind of explosives, whether picrate or nitro-glycerine or cotton-powder. The savants call "dynamite" the explosive made by mixing nitro-glycerine with such a combustible product as powder, collodion or azotate of potash, or with an inert base; this is the mixture used in blasting.

The chemist Nobel, who was the first, in 1854, to use nitro-glycerine for blasting out rocks, learned by cruel experience that the handling of the substance is extremely perilous. In 1868 a nitro-glycerine factory which he had started at Stockholm blew up and took twenty men with it. Sweden forbade the manufacture of nitro-glycerine within the borders after this, and to-day Swedes have to supply themselves in Germany.

To Nobel is due the idea of mixing nitro-glycerine with "kieselgrehn," a porous matter, composed mainly of silex, and which by absorbing nitro-glycerine puts it into a condition to be handled. In France "randanite," found in the Ceyssat quarries, in the Pux de Dome, is used for the same purpose.

The French police think that it was with cotton-powder that the Lobau barracks in Paris were blown up. They say that wherever the anarchists use dynamite for blowing up a house they run the very greatest risks themselves. Most of their cartridges are made to explode by means of clock-work, prepared in Geneva.

Of the Anarchistic "Groups" the most dangerous ones are those at Clichy, a region specially afflicted by the destroyers of society. It is there that the "Antipatriotes," the "Flat Feet," the "Children of Revolt," the "Disinherited" and the "Anti-Owners" meet whenever they have anything to discuss.

Ravachol probably made his own dynamite.—N. Y. Journal.

A Brutal Husband.

Mrs. Simon Peterby is one of the most extravagant women in Austin. Her husband groans in his spirit every day when he is called on to pay her bills. A few days ago she said to him:

"Dear Simon, just see what a nice present I got you for your birthday."

"What is it, dearest?" he asked.

"A beautiful pocket-book to keep your money in. Such a lovely pocket-book, but you must promise me always to think of me when you take it out."

Peterby (dolefully)—"Oh, you bet I'll think of you every time I open it. I am bound to do that.—Texas Siftings.

Working His Mother.

First Boy—Didn't your mother tell ye to get nutmegs?

Second Boy—Yep.

"Then what did ye get cloves for?"

"'Cause she'll want me to go back an' tell 'em I made a mistake, an' want nutmegs. Then I'll say I'm orful tired an' don't wanter go back, an' then she'll give me five cents to buy candy."—Good News.

A Sensible Girl.

Miss Charter Oakes—While Mr. Spindle was calling on me the other evening I excused myself for a moment; and when I came back, do you know, the fellow was actually asleep!

Featheastone—Dear me! what did you do—wake him up?

Miss Charter Oakes—Oh, no, indeed! I let him sleep until it was time for him to go.—Puck.

"SELAH!"

It Gives Rhythm to a Most Perfect Book.

It is Charged With Sunrise, Tempest and Earthquake—Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, Sunday, took for the subject of his sermon the single word Selah. The text was psalms lxi., 4: "Selah."

The majority of the bible readers look upon this word of my text as of no importance. They consider it a superfluity, a mere filling in, a meaningless interjection, a useless refrain, an undefined echo. Selah! But I have to tell you that it is no scriptural accident. It occurs seventy-four times in the book of psalms and three times in the book of Habakkuk. You must not charge this perfect book with seventy-four trivialties. Selah! It is an enthroned work. If, according to an old writer, some words are battles, then this word is a Marathon, a Thermopylæ, a Sedan, a Waterloo. It is a word decisive, sometimes for poetic beauty, sometimes for solemnity, sometimes for grandeur and sometimes for eternal import. Through it roll the thundering chariots of the Omnipotent God.

I take this word for my text because I am so often asked what is its meaning, or whether it has any meaning at all. It has an ocean of meaning, from which I shall this morning dip up only four or five bucketfuls. I will speak to you, so far as I have time, of the Selah of poetic significance, the Selah of intermission, the Selah of emphasis, and the Selah of perpetuity.

Are you surprised that I speak of the Selah of poetic significance? Surely the God who sapphired the heavens and made the earth a rosebud of beauty, with oceans hanging to it like drops of morning dew, would not make a Bible without rhythm, without redolence, without blank verse. God knew that eventually the Bible would be read by a great majority of young people, for in this world of malaria and casualty an octogenarian is exceptional, and as thirty years is exceptional, and as thirty years is more than the average of human life, if the Bible is to be a successful book it must be adapted to the young. Hence the prosody of the Bible—the drama of Job, the pastoral of Ruth, the epic of Judges, the dithryambic of Habakkuk, the threnody of Jeremiah, the lyric of Solomon's Song, the oratorio of the Apocalypse, the idyl, the strophe and antistrophe and the Selah of the Psalms.

Wherever you find this word Selah, it means that you are to rouse up to great stanza, that you are to open your soul to great analogies, that you are to spread the wing of imagination for great flight. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder; I proved thee at the waters of Meribah. Selah." "The earth and the inhabitants thereof are disolved: I bear up the pillars of it. Selah." "Who is this king of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the king of glory. Selah." "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah." "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, Selah." "The Lord of Hosts with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge, Selah." "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth, Selah." "I will hide under the covert of thy wings, Selah." "O God, when Thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didist march through the wilderness, Selah."

Whenever you find this word it is a signal of warning hung out to tell you to stand off the track while the rushing train goes by with his imperial passengers. Poetic word, charged with sunrise and senset, and tempest and earthquake, and resurrections and millenniums.

Next I come to speak of the Selah of intermission, Gesenius, Tholuck, Hengstenberg and other writers agree in saying that this word Selah means a rest in music; what the Greeks call a cantillation. Every musician knows the importance of it. If you ever saw Julien, the great musical leader, stand before 5,000 singers and players upon instruments, and with one stroke of his baton smite the multitudinous hallelujah into silence, and then, soon after that, with another stroke of his baton rouse up the full orchestra to a great outburst of harmony, then you know the mighty effect of a musical pause. It gives more power to what went before; it gives more power to what is to come after.

So God thrusts the Selah into His Bible and into our lives, compelling us to stop and think, stop and consider, stop and admire, stop and pray, stop and repent, stop and be sick, stop and die. It is not the great number of times that we read the Bible through that makes us intelligent in the scriptures. We must pause. What though it take an hour for one word? What though it take a week for one verse? What though it take a year for one chapter? We must pause and measure the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the universe, the eternity of meaning in one verse. I should like to see some one sail around one little adverb in the Bible, a little adverb of two letters, during one lifetime—the word "so" in the New Testament passage, "God so loved the world." Augustine made a long pause after the verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," and it converted him. Matthew Henry made a long pause after the verse, "Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise," and it converted him. William Cowper made a long pause after the verse, "Being freely justified by his grace," and it converted him. When God tells us seventy-seven times meditatively to pause in reading two of the books of the Bible, He leaves to our common sense to decide how often we should pause in reading the other sixty-four books of the Bible.

We must pause and ask for more light. We must pause and weep over our sins. We must pause and absorb the strength of one promise. I sometimes hear people boasting about how many times they have read the Bible through, when they seem to know no more about it than a passenger would know about the state of Pennsylvania who should go through it in a St. Louis lightning express train and in a Pullman "sleeper," the two characteristics of the journey, velocity and somnolence. It is not the number of times you go through the Bible, but the number of times the Bible goes through you. Pause, reflect. Selah!

So also on the scroll of your life and mind. We go rushing on, in the song of our prosperity, from note of joy to note of joy, and it is a long-drawn-out legato, and we become indifferent and unappreciative, when suddenly we come upon a blank in the music. There is nothing between these bars. A pause. God will fill up with a sick-bed, or a commercial disaster, or a grave. But, thank God, it is not a breaking down; it is only a pause. It helps us to appreciate the blessings that are gone; it gives us higher appreciation of the blessings that are to come. The Selah of Habakkuk and David is a dividing line between two anthems. David begins his book with the words, "Blessed is the man;" and, after seventy-four Selahs, he closes his book with the words, "Praise ye the Lord." So there are mercies behind us, and there are going to be mercies before us.

It is good for us that God halts us in our fortunes, and halts us with physical distress, and halts us at the graves of our dead. More than once you and I have been halted by such a Selah. You wrung your hands and said: "I can't see any sense in this Providence; I can't see why God gave me that child, if he is so soon going to take it away. O my desolate home! O my broken heart!" You could not understand it. But it was not a Selah of overthrow. It gave you greater appreciation of the blessings that have gone; it will yet give you greater appreciation of the blessings that will come.

When the Huguenots were being very much persecuted in France a father and mother were obliged to fly from the country, leaving their child in the possession of a comparative stranger. They did not know whether they would be able to recognize their child, for by that time she might be grown. The mother was almost frenzied at the thought of leaving the child, and then, even if coming back again, not being able to know her. Before they left the father drew his sword, and he marked the wrist of that child with a deep cut. It must have been a great exigency to make a father do that. Years of absence passed on, and after a while the parents returned, and their first anxiety was to find their lost child.

They looked up and down the land, examining the wrists of the young people, when lo! after awhile the father found a maiden with a scar upon her wrist. She knew him not, but he knew her. And oh, the joy of the reunion! So it is now. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." He cutteth, He marketh, and when He comes to claim his own the Lord will know them that are His; know them by the scar of their trouble; know them by the stroke of their desolation.

Oh, it is good that the Lord sometimes halts us. David says: "It is good that I have been afflicted. Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word." Indeed, we must all soon stop. Scientists have improved human longevity, but none of them have proposed to make terrene life perpetual. But the Gospel makes death only a Selah between two beauties—between dying triumph on the one side of the grave and celestial escort on the other side of the grave.

Going out of this life, to the unprepared, is a great horror. "Give me more laudanum," said dying Mirabeau; "give me more laudanum, that I may not think of eternity and what is to come." And dying Hobbes said: "I leave my body to the grave, and my soul to the great perhaps." It was the discord of an infidel's life breaking down into the jargon of despair; but the Gospel makes the death of the Christian a selah between redemption and enthronement. "Almost well," said dying Richard Baxter; "almost well." "Play those notes over again—those notes which have been so great a delight and solace to me," said the dying Christian Mozart. "None but Christ, none but Christ," exclaimed dying Lambert.

Richard Cameron, the Scotch covenanter, went into the battle three times praying, "Lord spare the green and take the ripe. This is the day I have longed for. This is the day I shall get my crown. Come, let us fight it to the last. Forward!" So you see there is only a short pause, a Selah of intermission, between dying consolations on the one side and overtopping raptures on the other.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

I next speak of the Selah of emphasis. Ewald, the German Orientalist and theologian, says that this word means to ascend, and wherever you find it, he says, you must look after the modulation of the voice, and you must put more force into your utterance. It is a Selah of emphasis. Ah! my friends, you and I need to correct our emphasis. We put too much emphasis on this world, and not enough on God and the next world. People think these things around us are so important, the things of the next are not worthy our consideration.

The first need for some of us is to change our emphasis. Look at Wretchedness on a throne. Napoleon, while yet emperor of France, sat down dejected, his hands over his face. A lad came in with a tray of food, and said: "You are from the country." The lad replied: "Yes." "Your father has a cottage and a few acres of ground?" "Yes." "There is happiness," said the dejected emperor. Ah! Napoleon never put the emphasis in the right place until he was expiring at St. Helena. On the other hand look at Satisfaction amid the worst earthly disadvantage. "I never saw until I was blind," said a Christian man. "I never knew what contentment was while I had my eyesight, as I know what content is now that I have lost my eyesight. I affirm, though few would credit it, that I would not exchange my present position and circumstances before I lost myself." That man put the emphasis in the right place. We want to put less stress upon our God as our everlasting portion. David had found out the nothingness of this world and the all-sufficiency of God. Notice how he interjects the Selahs. "Trust in the Lord at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him. God is a refuge for us. Selah." "Blessed be the Lord who daily loads us with benefits, even the God of our Salvation. "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there. Selah." Let the world have its honors, and its riches, and its pomp. Let me have the Lord for my light, my peace, my pardon, my hope, my Heaven.

But when I speak of the Selah of emphasis I must notice it is a startling, a dramatic emphasis. It has in it the hark, the hist of the drama. That wakening and arousing emphasis we who preach or instruct need to use more frequently. The sleepiest audiences in the world are religious audiences.

You Sabbath school teachers ought to have more of the dramatic element in your instructions. By graphic scripture scene, by anecdote, by descriptive gesture, by impersonation, urge your classess to right action. We want in our schools and colleges and prayer meetings and in all our attempts at reform, and in all our churches to have less of the style didactic and more of the style dramatic. Fifty essays about the sorrows of the poor could not affect me as a little drama of accident and suffering I saw one slippery morning in the streets of Philadelphia.

Just ahead of me was a lad, wretched in apparel, his limb amputated at the knee; from the pallor of the boy's cheek the amputation not long before. He had a package of broken food under his arm—food he had begged, I suppose, at the doors. As he passed on over the slippery pavement cautiously and carefully I steadied him until his crutch slipped and he fell. I helped him up as well as I could, gathered up the fragments of the package as well as I could, put them under one arm and the crutch under the other arm; but when I saw the blood run down his pale cheek I was completely overcome. Fifty essays about the suffering of the poor could not touch one like that little drama of accident and suffering.

Oh! we want in all our different departments of usefulness—and I address hundreds of people who are trying to do good—we want more of the dramatic element and less of the didactic. The tendency in this day is to drone religion, to whine religion, to cant religion, to moan religion, to croak religion, to sepulchrize religion, when we ought to present it in animated and spectacular manner.

Sabbath morning by Sabbath morning I address many theological students who are preparing for the ministry. They come in here from the different institutions. I say to them this morning; If you will go home and look over the history of the church you will find that those men, men have brought most souls to Christ who have been dramatic. Rowland Hill, dramatic; Thomas Chalmers, dramatic; Thomas Guthrie, dramatic; John Knox, dramatic; Robert McCheyne, dramatic; Christmas Evans, dramatic; George Whitefield, dramatic; Robert Hall, dramatic; Robert South, dramatic; Fenelon, dramatic; John Mason, dramatic; Dr. Nott, dramatic.

When you get into the ministry, if you attempt to culture that element, and try to wield it for God, you will meet with mighty rebuff and caricature, and ecclesiastical council will take your case in charge, and they will try to put you down; but the God who starts you will help you through, and great will be the eternal rewards for the assiduous and the plucky.

What we want, ministers and laymen, is to get our sermons and our exhortations and our prayers out of the old rut. I see a great deal of discussion in the religious papers about why people do not come to church. They do not come because they are not interested.

The old hackneyed religious phrases that come moving down through the centuries will never arrest the masses. What we want to-day, you in your sphere, and I in my sphere, is to freshen up. People do not want in their sermons the sham flowers bought at the millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew: nor the heavy bones of extinct megatherium of past ages, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of the Shroon lake. We want to drive out the drows, and the prosaic, and the tedious, and the humdrum, and introduce the brightness and vivacity, and the holy sarcasm, and the sanctified wit, and the epigram power, and the blood-red earnestness, and the fire of religious zeal, and I do not know of any way of doing it as well as through the dramatic, Attention! Behold! Hark! Selah!

Next, I speak of the Selah of perpetuity. The Targum, which is the Bible in Chaldee, renders this word of my text "forever." Many writers agree in believing and stating that one meaning of this word is "forever." In this very verse from which I take my text Selah means not only poetic significance, and intermission, and emphasis, but it means eternal reverberation—forever! God's government forever, God's goodnes forever, the gladness of the righteous forever. Of course, you and I have not surveyor's chain with enough links to measure that domain of meaning. In this world we must build everything on a small scale. A hundred years are a great while. A tower 500 feet is a great height. A journey of 4,000 miles is very long. But eternity! If the archangel has not strength of wing to fly across it, but flutters and drops like a wounded sea-gull, there is no need of our trying, in the small shallow of human thought, to voyage across it.

The True Remedy for Drunkenness.

A philosophical contemporary contends that the true remedy for drunkenness lies not in the law, but in the Gospel. The drink-habit is the product of two sins. Greed stands on one side of the counter and appetite on the other. Law attempts to erect a barrier between the two. The Gospel attempts to take greed out of one soul and appetite out of the other. It is a slow process, but a sure one The longest way round is the nearest way home.

There are two ways of curing sin—one by restriction from without, the other by inspiration from within. The one way forbids the boy to run in the streets at night, the other makes the home so attractive to him that he does not wish the companionship of the street. The one way hedges Sunday round with prohibitionists, the other makes it the most joyous day of the week. Law says thou shalt not steal; the Gospel inspires love for one's neighbor. The religion of laws is a religion of restraints and regulations. The religion of the Gospel is a religion of inspiration and life. The one is the Ten Commandments; the other is the Sermon on the Mount.

Sometimes, however, the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount go very well together.—St. Louis Republic.

Prepare for Death as for a Journey.

The proper way of looking upon death is to regard it as a part of life. It means transition. 'Tis transfer—we were here; we are there. "Death," as Victor Hugo said, "is not a blind alley, but a thoroughfare, opening on earth, ending in Heaven."

Montaigne records that to him who told Socrates "the thirty tyrants have sentenced them to death," the philosopher made answer: "And nature hath sentenced them!" So the queen in "Hamlet," seeking to console the melancholy prince in his grief for his father, says:

"Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die, passing through nature to eternity." Accept death as inevitable. Prepare for it as for a journey. And then await the day and hour of departure with serene composure. If we are ready, 'tis rather to be longed for than feared. St. Paul dipped his pen in the ink of inspiration and wrote: "To die is gain." Heaven is a larger and fairer earth.—St. Louis Republic.

In Blocks of Three.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid — idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to pray for—faith, peace and purity of heart.

Three things to contend for—honor, country and friends.—Kansas Farmer.

—Two hundred charitable bequests were made in London last year, amounting to $7,500,000. Inquiries have revealed the fact that one-fifth of this went to charity. The total increase of all charitable institutions in London for 1891 was $30,000,000. Home and foreign mission received $10,000,000 of this aggregate.

—The Chinese are said to wear five buttons only on their coats that they may keep in sight something to remind them of the five principal moral virtues which Confucius recommended. These are: Humanity, justice, order, prudence and rectitude.

—He who would follow Christ in His glory must also be content to follow Him in His humiliation.—Sunday-School Times.

—You will never grow like Christ unless you are in earnest about it.—Alex. M'Laren.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

Some Stories Which the Tellers Believe Are Examples of Thought Transference.

Some of them believed in thought transference and some of them did not, but they all had stories to tell about it, and some of them were good examples for those who were interested in the subject. One of them was barred out on the ground that, though it seemed a clear case at first blush, there was no real illustration of thought transference in it. However, that with two others will be given.

One man was to go to dinner on a certain evening, where he hoped to meet a woman, and, in fact, knew that he would meet her. The night before the day of the dinner he had a distressing dream, in which he lost the woman. The dream made a strong enough impression upon him to induce him to tell it to a friend the next afternoon. He happened to note the hour at the time. It was three o'clock. That evening he went to dinner and found that the woman had been suddenly called from town by the illness of a relative, leaving the city at three o'clock. This was voted by all as not a good case. The next one is better.

One of the speakers was sitting in a room, when he began to think of a book which he had read when he was a child. He had not thought of it in a great many years. Even the pictures came before his eyes as plainly as if he kept the book before him. While he was thinking of the stories and the pictures a violent fit of trembling came over him. His sister was in an adjoining room and he called out to her.

"Lucy, are you there?"

"Yes," she answered, and I feel frightened at something. I don't know what it is. I am trembling."

Believing in thought transference, he at once jumped at this "coincidence."

"What are you thinking of?" he called back, without leaving the room where he was.

"Of an old story book which we used to read when we were children," she replied. "Do you remember it—the one with the pictures?"—and she went on to describe the very pictures which had come into his mind. His sister was pale and trembling when he went to her. For that they could not account any more than for his similar condition, save that it was a part of that peculiar mental condition which gave them the same thoughts.

Here is the other case, which seems clearly one to be noted.

A man dreamed that he met a woman whom he knew. He noticed the gown which she wore particularly. The next day, in recalling the dream, he could remember the cut of the gown, the ribbons which the woman had worn in the dress, every bit of color, and in fact could describe the dress in detail.

The next time he met the woman he said at once:

"This is very remarkable."

"What?" she asked.

"The gown—your gown."

"What is the matter with it?" she said, anxiously, womanlike.

"Why, it's the same one—oh, I must have seen you wear it before. That would account for it."

"But you never saw me wear it before," she said. "This is the first time that I have worn it. What in the world is it that causes you astonishment? I'm in suspense."

He then explained to her about his dream. The gown which she wore was identical in every respect with the one which he had seen in his dream.

"And," he said, in finishing his story, "if that is mere coincidence, then I don't know what can't be called coincidence."—N. Y. Tribune.

A POOR ADVERTISEMENT.

A Testimonial That Did Not Meet the Requirements.

"What's the matter?" asked the business man, blandly, as the irate man entered his office.

"Matter," cried the irate man. "Didn't I send you seven gross of our new fountain pens?"

"Certainly. And it's a fine pen. I don't know when I've seen a better."

"And didn't you promise to write a letter certifying to their excellence?"

"Of course I did. And didn't I do it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Didn't I say that we used nothing else in our office?"

"Yes, but you——"

"Didn't I say that no business office should be without them?"

"Of course you did, but don't you see——"

"Didn't I say that it was an actual pleasure to write with them; that they were so good that they actually tempted one to write when he had nothiug to write?"

"You said all that, but——"

"Well, what are you kicking about then?"

"I wanted the letter for reproduction as an advertisement."

"Well what of it?"

"What of it! What of it!" The irate man fairly danced about the office. "Hang it, man! it's a type-written letter: Nice kind of an ad., that is. You write me a letter—write it with one of those pens—or give me back the pens."—Chicago Tribune.

Another Plan.

Aged Admirer—Think of all the luxuries a rich husband like me could give you.

Miss De Young—Oh, a rich father would do just as well. Marry my mother.—N. Y. Weekly.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, - - - Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:

FRIDAY, : July 1, 1892.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President:

GROVER CLEVELAND,

Of New York.

For Vice President:

ADLAI E. STEVENSON,

Of Illinois.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce MARCUS C. LISLE, of Clark county, as a candidate for Congress in the Tenth Kentucky district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

☞Election November 8, 1892.

CURRENT NEWS AND COMMENT.

HON. ALLEN G. THURMAN, the "Old Roman" of Democracy in Ohio, says the Democratic ticket is the best that could have been put up, and that it will carry the country in November like a cyclone.

GOVERNOR BOIES, of Iowa, the most formidable opponent Mr. Cleveland had in the Chicago convention, last Friday telegraphed Grover his congratulations and assured him that Iowa Democrats were for him.

WE have in prospect a fine lot of persimmons, and if there is any man in this county who thinks the Prairie State of Illinois will not go Democratic in the Pesidential election, we'll just wager the whole crop against an equivalent in pumpkins that she does.

THE Tammany braves of New York have already volunteered the information that they will do all in their power to elect Cleveland and Stevenson, and this means a united Democracy in the Empire State. Who, then, can for a moment doubt the success of the ticket in November?

THE HERALD enjoys the distinction of having been established on the day that Grover Cleveland was first inaugurated President, and it hopes in March, 1893, to celebrate its eighth anniversary with a boom edition, in which will appear the inaugural address of this "man of destiny," with illustrations of scenes, etc.

HON. A. STEVENSON, candidate for Vice President on the Democratic ticket, was born in Christian county, Kentucky, and graduated at Centre College, Danville, in 1856. In voting for him we carry with our suffrage a great deal of State pride, and Democrats should go to work to give the ticket the largest majority ever given in the State.

INAVERTENTLY we have failed to note the honor conferred upon one of our countymen, Hon. J. C. Lykins, by the recent State convention, but we now take pleasure in doing so. Mr. Lykins was chosen as the Democratic elector for this district, and we regard the selection as highly complimentary, not only to Mr. Lykins but to Wolfe county as well. Joe is a true-blue-dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, and under his guidance the old Tenth can be relied upon for a big majority.

WE this week place at the head of our columns the Democratic ticket. For President we have that staunch Democrat, Grover Cleveland, of New York, the "man of destiny," and for Vice President, we have Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinos, thus representing with the ticket the two largest States in the Union, and we have every reson to hope that both will fall into the Democratic column next fall. New York is reasonably sure to go Democratic, all predictions of soreheads to the contrary notwithstanding, and the influence of Mr. Stevenson and his followers in Illinois is thought to be sufficient to carry that State for the Demorats. If every Democrat will do his duty from now until election day we are sure to inaugurate a Democratic President and Vice President next March, and we believe all the Democrats, without regard to past preferences, will be in line for victory next November. The candidate for second place being a native of Kentucky, it is safe to predict that he will poll a very large vote. Hurrah for Cleveland and Stevenson! Let every Democrat take up the cry and keep it hot until after the election and victory will perch upon our banner.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, June 24, 1892.

Again the expected has happened in National politics. It is already evident that this Presidential campaign is not to be run on the enthusiactic plan. The nomination of Mr. Cleveland was received by the Democrats with the same, oh-well-it-had-to-be-anyway air that the Republicans did the re nomination of President Harrison. One thing is certain, both men were nominated against the wishes of the men who have in the past arrogated to themselves the privilege of controlling the nominations for President in their respective parties, and both of them are free of obligations to the political bosses.

Another thing also is certain, and for it all decent people should be thankful. The campaign will be free from the personal abuse, which all too often forms the greater part of the arguments used on both sides in a National campaign. There is little doubt that these two men clearly represent everything which the majority of their respective parties stand for. As ex-Governor Jackson, of Maryland, at present residing in Washington, puts it: "Both men have been tried and the people know just where they stand; both men hold the same views on the money question; Harrison would retain the present tariff, Cleveland would largely reduce it and increase the free list; Harrison favors the enactment of a Federal election law, Cleveland opposes it."

The fact that Mr. Cleveland holds the same views on the money question as Mr. Harrison does, is what made the Alliance and Peoples party men want him nominated. It will, they say, bring out in strong contrast the directly opposite view of that subject which will be set forth by the Omaha convention, and they count on it to get thousands of votes for the new party.

Not even the important political events of Democratic convention week could entirely overshadow the communication sent to the Senate by President Harrison concerning the commercial relations of the United States with Canada, although they have prevented its receiving the attention due to its importance. It must be remembered that the communication was not voluntarily made, but was an answer to a resolution adopted by the Senate calling for all the facts and copies of correspondence between the two governments. Mr. Harrison frankly says that there is no probability of commercial reciprocity between the two countries and goes into particulars as to reasons, the principal of which is that Canada is not willing to put any of the manufactures of the United States on the free list; she wishes to send her agricultural products to the United States free of duty and at the same time to shut out American manufactures in order that English goods may retain their supremacy. Mr. Harrison practically recommends that Congress shall adopt retaliatory legislation against Canada because of its violation of the treaty of 1870 by discriminating against American vessels using Canadian waterways, and a resolution has been introduced in the Senate authorizing him to retaliate.

Notwithstanding denials made by the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned in connection therewith, there is a belief here, which is constantly growing, that a full Presidential ticket will be put in the field by the silver men of the West and South and that it will be made up from the Senate, one being a Republican and the other a Democrat. Senators Stewart, Wolcott and Teller are the Republicans mentioned in this connection, and Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is the Democrat. It is rumored here that a movement is on foot to get the Peoples party convention, which meets at Omaha July 4, to make its ticket from a list of silver Senators, including those mentioned above and several others.

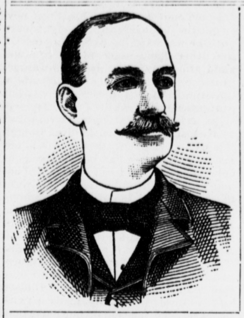
Gen. Horace Porter, of New York, has declined the chairmanship of the Republican National committee, which was tendered him by President Harrison, who, as the nominee of his party, is entitled to the privilege of naming the head of the committee which shall manage his campaign, and suggested Chauncey Depew for the place. It is now said that Mr. Depew never had any idea of accepting the vacant cabinet portfolio, although it was offered to him, and, indeed, pressed upon him; but it is just as well to make some allowances for such statements, as it is certain they do not originate with President Harrison or with Mr. Depew, and only those two know all about it.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR

OUR MOTTO PRICES

BARGAIN COUNTERS.

It Will Pay You to Read All This.



While in Cincinnati we got hold of a Stock of Goods at 50 cents on the dollar, spot cash, which we are going to give to our friends and the public while it lasts. We have made up our minds that we are going to show the people that we appreciate their splendid patronage in the past, and we are going to sell the splendid purchase we made at less than the goods can be manufactured for. All we ask of you is to give our several

BARGAIN TABLES

A look. We are going to name a few of the many big drives we will offer you:

Good Plaid Cotton, sold for 8½c., now 5c. a yard.
New Spring Style Shirting Prints, fast colors, 4c. a yard.
New Spring Style Dress Prints, fast colors, 5c. a yard.
Plaid Cheviot Suiting, former price 15c, now 6¼c. a yard.
Camels' Hair Suitings, formerly 20c., now 10c. a yard.
Heavy Jeans, two good colors, 10c. a yard.
Heavy Cottonade, worth 20c., now 10c. a yard.
Cedar Pencils 5c. a dozen.
Large Rubber Head Lead Pencils, 10c. a dozen.
Falcon Bank and School Pens, 5c. a dozen.
75 Needles, or three papers for 5c.
Large size Shaving Glass worth 10c. for 5c.
Extra large size Shoe Blacking 5c. a box.
Good Shoe Brush for 10c.
Good Garter Web 2 yards 5c. or 25c. a bolt.
2 Extra large boxes Lily White for 5c.
Heavy Weight Note Paper, 24 sheets or 1 quire, 5c.
50 Envelopes or 2 packages for 5c.
Five Thimbles, all sizes, for 5c.
Extra large Gilt Back Blank Book for 5c.
Wire Garters and Sleeve Holders 5c.
24 Shoe Laces for 5c.
7, 8 and 9-inch Covered Dress Steels 5c. a dozen.
Large 8 inch Rubber Redding Comb for 5c.
Large Horn and Rubber Fine Comb, two for 5c.
Large Double Lock Money Purse 5c.
School and Package Strap 10c.
Ladies' Hose, absolutely fast black, 5c a pair.
Ladies Fancy Hose, extra large, 5c. a pair.
Seamless Mixed Socks 5c. a pair.
Splendid Fancy Socks 5c. a pair.
Children's Black and Fancy Hose 5c. a pair.
Fancy Domet Flannel Overshirs 25c. each.
Men's Fancy Web End Suspenders 10c. a pair.
28-inch Turkey Red Bandana Handkerchief for 5c.
Children's Fancy Handkerchiefs 1c. each.
Extra heavy and well made Striped Jeans Pants worth $1.50 for $1.00 a pair.
Extra heavy 16-rib Umbrellas for 75c. each.
Genuine Gloria Silk Umbrellas for $1 each.
Large Fancy Border Hand Towels 10c. a pair.
Fancy Colored Window Curtains, good, 5c. a yard.
One dozen Napkins, fringed, for 25c.

And thousands of other items we could name at equally low prices. In addition to above immense bargains we will sell to every cash purcaaser of $5 00 or over, also to every person paying us $10.00 or over in cash on notes and accounts,

6 Pounds of our Choicest Coffee for One Dollar.

We also give free to every cash purchaser of $1.00 or more a very handsome gilt frame looking glass, or a large size picture or chromo. We have the largest

General Merchandise

Stock in the State outside of Louisville. We want your patronage and will make prices to secure it.

We will also take in exchange for merchandise or on notes and accounts all kinds or merchantable produce, live stock, saw logs and railroad cross ties.

J. T. DAY & CO.,

THE

LEADING : MERCHANTS

OF EASTERN KENTUCKY.

FRED. J. HEINTZ
Manufacturing Jeweler,
135 E. MAIN STREET,
Custom House Square,
LEXINGTON, KY.

· WATCHES, ·
DIAMONDS,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
Solid Silver
AND
Optical Goods.

COMPETENT AND SKILLED EMPLOYEES IN OUR VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

TRIMBLE BROS.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS,
MT. STERLING, KY.

☞Consignments of produce and the patronage of Mountain Merchants respectfully solicited. je14,1y

J. R. Sharp. Bruce Trimble. T. G. Denton.

SHARP, TRIMBLE & DENTON,
MT. STERLING, KY.,

Have now a complete line of Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Gents' Furnishing Goods. We solicit an inspection of our goods, and guarantee prices satisfactory and articles as recommended.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,
MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, $200,000. | SURPLUS, $30,000.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cash.

R. S. STRADER & SON,
(Successors to J. A. LAIL & CO.)
74 E. MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.
Wholesale Dealers in
Straight Kentucky Whiskies,
Wines, Brandies, &c.
FINE OLD WHISKY A SPECIALTY.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Agents for "Old Pugh, Old Pepper, Old Tarr and Old Taylor."

H. & G. FEDER,

"Cut Price House."
165 & 167 RACE STREET,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

UNDERWEAR, SHAWLS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, BLANKETS, SUSPENDERS, and all kinds of small wares and other goods in Notion and Furnishing Goods Line.

H. & G. FEDER & CO.,
300 Church Street, New York.
☞Special attention to mail orders.

MOST IN QUANTITY.

WORMS!
WHITE'S CREAM
VERMIFUGE
FOR 20 YEARS
Has led all Worm Remedies.
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Prepared by RICHARDSON-TAYLOR MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

ROSE & DeBUSK,
PRACTICAL
Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Blacksmithing of all kinds solicited and work promptly done. We make a specialty of building 2-horse wagons, and guarantee all work.

NOTICE.—All who are indebted to the firm, or either of us for work, must come and settle, and cash or satisfactory terms will be demanded for all work done hereafter.

Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same, we are, respectfully, ROSE & DEBUSK.

Hazel Green Herald.

Has a larger circulation in Wolfe, Morgan and Breathitt than all other papers in the State, and merchants in Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, Louisville and Cincinnati will find it THE BEST MEDIUM through which to secure Mountain Trade.

ADVERTISING RATES.

TRANSIENT.

Advertisements inserted for less than 3 months will be 75 cents an inch for the first insertion and 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 inch, 12 months	$ 7 50
2 inches, "	12 50
3 inches, "	15 00
4 inches, "	18 75
5 inches, "	22 00
6 inches, "	25 00

Liberal rates on larger advertisements made known on application.

Local notices to be interspersed among reading matter, 10 cents a line, with a discount of 25 per cent. where they run a month or more.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, etc., 3c. a line. Count six words to the line and send money with the manuscript. We will write obituaries and publish at 5 cents a line.

Marriage and death notices, not exceeding ten lines, solicited and published FREE.

BILLS FOR REGULAR ADVERTISING PAYABLE QUARTERLY ON DEMAND.

Address SPENCER COOPER,
Hazel Green, Ky.

John Linden is at the residence of Dr. Taulbee for treatment.

Mrs. Lou Day made a flying business trip to Ezel last Monday.

Work has begun on the new Academy Home by the contractor, Joe Clark.

Miss Lula Kash left Wednesday morning for a visit to friends in Lexington.

H. F. Pieratt and John A. Taulbee transacted business at Campton last Saturday.

Mrs. B. G. Jones, who has been very low with flux for the past week, is improving.

Major W. H. Taulbee spent several days this week at the home of his son, Dr. John A. Taulbee.

W. G. Lacy, formerly bookkeeper for J. T. Day & Co , is at Louisville under treatment for lung trouble.

J. Richmond DeBusk went to West Liberty yesterday to be present at the examination for teachers today

A good girl to cook, wash and iron for a small family, can get a good situation by calling at THE HERALD office.

Rev. F. Agar will preach at Bethel, Wolfe county, on Sunday next at half past ten o'clock. All are welcome.

Spencer Cooper and better-½ have been suffering with chills during the past week, but are now able to be out again.

Lula and Nellie Evans left Wednesday for Campton, where they will spend their vacation with their grandpa, Gov. Evans.

D. S. Godsey was at home very sick on Sunday and Monday, but able to return on Tuesday to his light house plantation.

Mrs. Lucinda Brewer, sister of Joshua DeBusk, has been very ill for some time, but is now, we are glad to state, convalescing.

Dr. John A. Taulbee was called to Frozen last week to see the infant child of S. E. Taulbee, and also the son of Eli Carpenter.

Rev. R. A. Irvin, of Stanton, will begin a series of meetings at the Presbyterian church in this place beginning next Monday night.

Mrs. Jos. Oldfields, whose illness has been reported in these columns, is still in a very precarious condition with intestinal catarrh.

Manda, the wife of our colored fellow-citizen Dick Franklin, has our thanks for a basket of the finest onions we have seen this season.

The only daughter of Miles Wilson, living on Lacy creek, died last Sunday morning, in her 19th year, after a long and painful illness.

Rumor has it that the Three Forks Enterprise, at Beattyville, will soon be published again. We have not heard who will be at the helm.

H. C Herndon has sold the Paintsville Paragraph to a syndicate who will make additions to the outfit and in a short time resume publication of the paper.

Mrs. Lizzie Maxey, sister of Mrs. Lou Day and Mrs Ellen Pieratt, is said to be quite ill at her home in Lexington, and Mrs. Pieratt has gone there to be with her.

A Mr. Burton, of Blaine, and a Mr. Davis, of Paintsville, were here Tuesday making arrangements to have horses trained on the track of the Hazel Green Fair association.

The friends of Miss Mollie Douglass at this place will rejoice to hear that she has regained her health and is now engaged in training young ladies in music. A lot of bills received here a few days since, which advertise the Kentucky Palisades, High Bridge, as a summer resort, contain this paragraph: "Tableaux vivants, by a class of twenty young ladies from Lexington, Ky., under the direction of Miss Mollie Douglass, the well known music teacher of the Bluegrass region."

By refering to our advertisments it will be seen the State College of Kentucky again comes to the front in offering a practical education to the rising generation. This institution of learning is one of the grandest in the State, and as will be seen by referring to the advertisement embraces all the professions and sciences, and is conducted by a faculty of twenty-eight professors.

Last week we stated that Green Whittaker, of Hazel Green, and Henry Shepherd, of Upper Quicksand, had killed and robbed a man in Virginia lately. We are informed that it is not Henry Shepherd of Breathitt, but Henry Shepherd of Floyd, who did the deed, and we gladly make the correction. The men are in jail and everything indicates a hanging.—Jackson Hustler.

On the second Sunday in July a United Grove meeting will be held at Maple Grove. Rev. F. Agar and wife, with delegates from different points, are expected to be present. The meeting will commence at 9:30 A. M., and will continue all day. All are invited to come and take part Blessed seasons have been held here in years gone by, why not again?

Willie Bascom and Sarah Jane, son and daughter of our fellow-citizen S. R. Perkins on Monday brought us a mess of fine wax beans all ready fixed for cooking and a mess of exceptionally fine beets, for which they have our thanks. Little Myrtle Ringo escorted them to our office.

R. H. Vansant, Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee for the tenth district has called the Committee to meet at Mt. Sterling July 6, to fix a time and place for holding the Congressional convention. The place that will probably be chosen is Estill Springs, near Irvine.

Hon. Jos. M. Kendall announces himself as a candidate for Congress, but having received the notice too late to give it the attention it deserves, we have deferred making it in the proper column until our next issue.

Dora, the little daughter of W. T. Swango and wife, escorted by Troy Pieratt, on Monday brought us a mess of fine bunch beans with the bacon accompaniment, and they will accept thanks for same.

A letter from Georgetown, Texas, brings us the news that Miss Francis Harper was recently married to Henry Cockrell, at the residence of the bride's father, John S. Harper.

News reached our town on Wednesday that James Miller, charged with killing Shade Combs, had been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary from Breathitt Circuit court.

Mrs. Ellen Pieratt left for an extended visit with Lexington friends and relatives on Wednesday morning. She will also visit at St. Helens ere she returns home.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Maytown Missiles.

The fourth quarterly conference for this work was held at Union, Menefee county, June 25 and 26. Presiding Elder C. F. Oney was on hand and did all the preaching, and it was certainly well done. The Sunday morning sermon, "Witness of the Spirit," would have done credit to a bishop. The audience was large and attentive. Bro. Oney is another mountain boy.

When, oh, when will Congress put a stop to this wholesale bidding for mail routes? Some of the wholesale men will make enough to do them this year; we mean, over the left.

Frank Sample, of Ezel, was in town Saturday night, on his way home from Cincinnati, where he had been to see Dr. Flower, of Boston, Mass.

E. B. May and family have just returned from Elk Fork, where they had been visiting since Saturday.

June 27. WINGLESS.

Free Cure For the Liquor Habit.

Positive home cure for drunkenness; removes all desire; safe and certain; no loss of time from work. I send recipe free.

I. H. LONGDON, Editor Herald,
Atlanta, Indiana.

J. P. PHILLIPS WITH

W. M. KERR & CO.,

JOBBERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,

OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, MALTA PLOWS, COOK'S MILLS & EVAPORATORS, CHAMPION REAPERS AND MOWERS, STODDARD AND ACME HARROWS, &c., &c. DOORS AND SASH A SPECIALTY.

110 and 112 SECOND STREET,
IRONTON, O.

THE MAYTOWN MILL CO.

Is running constantly and doing the best of work at the lowest prices.

Special accommodations for customers from a distance.

Without detriment to our home trade,

No Bids Offered for Bad Rolls!

We do not make them and have no demand for them in our trade.

THE MAYTOWN MILL CO.,

je17,tf W. W. MANKER, Manager.

—THE—

WINCHESTER BANK,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, $200,000.00.
Surplus, $60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876 and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

R. H. BRYAN, WITH

PEARSON AND CLARK,

—WHOLESALE—

Grocers,

12 & 14 WEST MAIN ST.,
LEXINGTON, KY.

TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.

Prepared by RICHARDSON-TAYLOR MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

I. DINGFELDER, WITH

J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

DRY : GOODS : AND : NOTIONS,

Nos. 537, 539 and 541—

—West Main Street,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DAY HOUSE,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

MRS. LOU DAY, Proprietress.

This house has been recently refitted and returnished, and the table is at all times supplied with the best in the market. Rates reasonable. Sample room attached and special rates to commercial men. Patronage is respectfully solicited. a61y

Subscribe now. Only $1 a year.

1892. Hazel Green Fair Association. 1892.

THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION:

Tuesday, Sept. 27th,
Wednesday, Sept. 28th,
Thursday, Sept. 29th,
Friday, Sept. 30th.

$1,200 in Premiums!

Competition Open to the World.

ADMISSION.

Children over 10 and under 15 years, : : 25 Cents.
Over 15 years, : : : : : : 35 Cents.

Catalogues giving premiums in full will soon be ready for distribution, and may be had by addressing the Secretary.

D. S. GODSEY, President. W. T. SWANGO, Secretary.

PATTON BROS.,
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURING DRUGGISTS
CATLETTSBURG, KY.

The Largest Drug House in the Ohio Valley.
Manufacturers of 228 REMEDIES that are Sold by the Dozen.
16,000 Square Feet of Floor Room. 28 Hands Employed.

Sole proprietors of the famous NERVE KING! The only remedy that is sold on an absolute guarantee to cure all Pains and Aches, Cramps and Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc. Used internally and externally. The best Liniment in the world. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Sole proprietors of the renowned HINDOO KIDNEY CORDIAL! For the permanent cure of Pains in the Back, and all disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Thousands of certificates of those who have used this remedy, will be sent on application. PRICE $1.00.

FOR SALE BY DRUG STORES, AND COUNTRY STORES EVERYWHERE.

FEDER, : SILBERBERG : & : CO.,
113 & 115 W. Third Street, - CINCINNATI, O.
WHOLESALE CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS.
Represented by W. H. CILLIS.

THE LION IS THE BEST PAINT MADE. READY FOR USE. THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

It is not a Patent Paint but the best Paint that can be made by an experiended Practical Painter with the assistance of the latest improved and powerful machinery. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction Will cover one-half more space than lead and oil mixed by hand. Sent, freight paid, for $1.50 per gallon. One reliable dealer wanted in each town. Send for color cards, etc., to

Lion Paint and Color Works, LEXINGTON, KY.

GREEN, HUFFAKER & CO.,
WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

HAZEL GREEN, KY., May 10, 1892.

To the Trade of Eastern Kentucky, Contiguous to Hazel Green:

We have this day completed arrangements with the above named firm and will handle their goods in large quantities. We especially invite an inspection by the merchants, as we are prepared to duplicate any and all prices quoted in Louisville, Cincinnati or Knoxville. Merchants can buy these goods almost at their doors and save large freight bills. We are preparod at any and all times to furnish these goods in any and every quality, size and price. All we ask is a trial. Respectfully, &c., J. T. DAY & CO.,
Hazel Green, Ky.

CHEAPER SCHOOL BOOKS.

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that they have just completed arrangements with the American Book Company that will enable him to sell the school-books adopted by the State Board of Education at the following reduced rates:

McGuffey's Small Primer	3⅓	Ray's New First Arithmetic	15
" Revised Primer	8⅓	" Second Arithmetic	—
" " Eclectic Speller	17	" Third Arithmetic	50
" First Reader	17	Key to same	50
" Second Reader	30	" High Arithmetic	85
" Third Reader	42	Key to same	75
" Fourth Reader	50	McGuffey's 1st Eclectic Geography	55
" Fifth Reader	75	" 2d Eclectic Geography	$ 1 10
" Sixth	85	" 3d Eclectic Geography	1 30

The above school-book publications of the American Book Company are well-known standards, and we shall at all times have a full supply on hand for sale to school officers, toachers or pupils at the prices named. Other school-books published by the American Book Company, 137 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, supplied at correspondingly low prices.

J. T. DAY & CO., Hazel Green, Ky.

State College of Kentucky

OPENS SEPTEMBER 14, 1892.

Twenty-seven Professors and Instructors; Eight Courses of Study, as follows: Agriculture, Scientific, Biological, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Veterinary, Classical, Normal School. County appointees received free of tuition. Board in dormitories $2.00 per week; in private families $3.50 to $4.00. For catalogues apply to

JAS. K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., Lexington, Ky.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

THE PROPOSAL.

It's purty hard for fellers when they gets to twenty-one,
Fer then the time's arrived fer solid work to be begun.
A boy can be right smart 'n' slick when he is in his teens,
But when he comes of age he's got to show 'at he knows beans;
'Nd of the problems as is sot before him in this life,
The hardest to solute, I think, is who's to be his wife.

It's that what's bothered me of late—its bothered me right bad—
Which one of six young ladies is the best that can be had?
There's Sarah Riggs; she's mighty smart in bakin', so they say,
But ain't a bit o' use when't comes to tossin' up the hay.
'N' Riah Johnson, she can't cook not fer a little bit,
But in the fields she allers shows a mighty lot o' grit.

'N' Polly Hankey's purty fine; but I'm afeard o' her;
She's kind o' flirty; that's a trait in wives I don't prefer.
'N' Marthy Pollock knows too much—she's been to boardin'-school—
'N' thinks onless a man can read 'thout stumblin' he's a fool.
'N' Sadie Peters' mighty sweet to look at, 'nd all that,
But there is them as says when Sadie gets mad she's like a cat.

'N' Susan Jones is rather nice; but say, she's kind o' queer.
She's of the kind to squeeze yer hand, 'n' wink, call you "dear"
'N' somehow when I meet Sue Jones, I kind o' want to run
Fer fear 'at she'll propose to me—'nd I don't call that fun—
Although I'm fond o' Susan—that's a fact I can't deny;
But 'twouldn't hurt her, not a bit, to be a bit more shy.

Them six I can't decide about, 'n' seein' 's that's the case,
I've called on you, Miss Perkins—or, if you'll allow me, Grace—
To say 'at what upon the hull I think's the style fer me
'S a kind o' quiet, modest girl sech as you often see—
The kind 'at ain't afeard o' work, knows how to cook 'n' sew,
Don't sing or play planners, 'nd ain't allers on the go.

Ain't stuck on literary work, is allers clean 'n' neat;
Don't know so awful much she knocks a feller off his feet;
'N' though she's plain has looks enough, 'n' looks she's like to keep,
'N' with her talkin' isn't like to kill a feller's sleep—
That there's the kind, Miss Perkins, as I think'll do fer me;
'N' do you know, I sorter think—I sorter think you're she!

—Carlyle Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

The Story of a Lover's Patient Martyrdom.

I had been engaged to Loftus fifteen years, and when I passed my thirty-sixth birthday the serene outlook promised that I would be engaged to him fifteen more. He was three years my senior, stout, rather fair, with an ugly, charming face, the kindest heart in the world, and a strong, energetic will. At least it seemed to be energetic in every direction except the way that led to marriage.

Not that I ever doubted the love of my Loftus, nor his fealty, but I could not understand why he seemed so blissfully content in being my lover, just my lover. No one could fill the role more perfectly, and his devotion was so established, and so constantly apparent in even the slightest detail, that everyone in Pimley, where we had grown up together, blamed me for Loftus' probation, and I was openly reproached for dilly-dallying with so honest a man and so true a lover. I could not consistently inform the public at large, and my censors in particular, that, however well-disposed a woman may be, she cannot marry the man of her choice until he asks her to name the day, and this preliminary my betrothed had studiously avoided. He never even remotely approached any avenue that might lead to the subject, though he occasionally referred very sweetly and tenderly to our life together in the future.

Time, of course, brought about many other marriages in our immediate circle. All my brothers and sisters went off in regular order until there were only left with father, Tom, my youngest brother, and myself. After awhile Tom "went on the road" for a Boston commercial house, and finally was offered a chance in a new branch of the same concern just started in Denver. To my great surprise father not only urged his acceptance of the offer, but expressed a strong desire to go with him and remain a year or two

"Dell won't want to leave Loftus," he remarked, calmly, "and anyway they'll be married before long, I suppose." This had been a favorite supposition of father's for a number of years. "We could go by way of Chicago and see Uncle Eb and the folks. It's a trip I've always longed to take."

I listened to these words and felt them as if they had been blows of a clenched hand, but the pride by which an angel fell was strong in me, as it is in many of the world's commonplace and everyday women. I bit my lips to keep them from trembling as I said: "Wouldn't it be lovely! such an altogether new life and experience."

"Yes," said father, lightly, and I loved, oh! how I loved him for that speech! "but it won't be such good fun without my daughter. If she could only come—if there wasn't any question of that other fellow that can't spare her—"

In a moment I had made up my mind.

"But I am going with you if you go," I said, smiling. "What did you think? Of course I need not stay. I can come back and be married, or Loftus can come to Denver, if we like it enough to settle there. You see, there's no time set for the marriage, and a year or two won't make much difference."

I am afraid there may have been a touch of sarcasm in my tone, but it passed unnoticed.

"Why, that's it," said Tom, briskly. "Time goes on, and people might as well have a change from the old rut. We can shut up house here indefinitely. We can find some one to keep the grounds in order. What's to stop us from having a picnic of three?"

I felt, in my own mind, a vague idea, rather a hope, that Loftus might, or perhaps desire to, make it a picnic of four.

That afternoon when he came I spoke. He usually stopped on the porch every afternoon on his way home except Tuesdays—his bowling club—and Fridays, which were given to poor little Eunice Craig, who had been for years an invalid. I thought it one of the loveliest traits in his character, this kindness to one so weak and suffering. Of course, we all went to see Eunice occasionally, all of the "old crowd," both married and single, but Loftus was her anchor and stand-by, and the feeling with which he was regarded in the Craig household was little short of worship. I was never jealous of the time he gave to Eunice—it made me love him all the more. Well, so when he came sauntering up the walk about four, and took his seat near me in his favorite big rocker, I broached the Denver project with much promptness and gayety. He had begun to swing my hammock gently, and continued so to swing it.

"But you're not in earnest, really, are you, Dell?" he asked at last. I was dying to get a sight of his face, but couldn't without sitting up.

"Of course I'm in earnest," I responded readily. "Tom and father are in earnest; why shouldn't I be?"

"But Tom and your father haven't —me—to think of."

"You great baby," I answered, laughing. "I won't stay longer than a year."

"You might see some fellow you would like better," said Loftus, forlornly.

"Oh, I think I am too old now to change my mind." I was beginning to be a little amused at his resigned, yet wretched, manner.

"I don't know that women ever get too old to change their minds," said Loftus, in the same reproachful tone.

"Do men ever get old enough to make up theirs?" was on the point of my tongue to ask, but I have never been sharp with Loftus, and it seemed a poor time to begin.

"You could come and see me once or twice," I suggested. "It's a delightful trip."

"Awfully expensive, dear," said this exasperating man.

"Well, if I pay your way out you can surely pay it back," I said, laughing. but Loftus did not laugh.

"I mightn't want to come back," he said, gently. Then there was a long silence and the hammock went on swinging. Had ever woman such an aggravating lover and one so dearly lovable?

This was the beginning of many such discussions. We kept perfect friendliness while opposing each other on every point, and our talk always ended where it began. He demanded no sacrifice, but, on the other hand, he offered none. I felt that I was only responsible to Loftus in so far as I desired his happiness. I desired it with my whole heart, for in it lay my own enfolded, but I felt too deeply to be anything but firm and proud. And so the day came, the still, beautiful, October day, and Loftus walked to the train with us, and waved us a good-by from the platform as we rushed away with a shriek and rattle from dear old Pimley.

But first we had a moment to ourselves on the shady side of the station, with not a soul in sight, but I don't think Loftus would have cared if there had been a regiment. He kept his arm around me and never took his eyes from my face. I was very, very miserable, but I smiled and chatted through it all. Loftus scarcely answered me; he ground his teeth now and then, and once the tears came down his face.

"You know that I belong to you, wherever you are—you believe it—don't you, Dell?" he said once or twice. And then: "It's hard to let you go." But the whistle shrieked and father called: "Come, Della," and then poor Loftus kissed me with a smile and whispered: "God love you, Della, my wife, my dear, dear wife." Those were the last words I heard him say, and then father leaned across to close the car window against the cinder showers, and Tom was putting on his big, loose, linen coat.

We went to Chicago and stopped at other cities along the line, and came safe at last to beautiful Denver, but my heart stayed in Pimley. It was a great, big, glorious world that the train had traversed, vast stretches of prairie, majestic heights of mountain land, busy, thriving towns, and active, splendid people. Pimley was a little, quiet village among the New England hills, and in it was the one loved human being who made or unmade the world for me.

He wrote to me often, my dear, strange Loftus, but he never spoke of coming, nor of my return. His letters were full of kindness and sweet, everyday affection, but there was a tinge of bitterness in their tone, a feeling as of one at hopeless variance with fate. I used to cry over them and reproach myself so bitterly—for what? Surely I need not blame myself when he had not repoached me. If only once he had written to me "Dell, come back," or "Dell, I miss you," or made me in any way conscious of a nearer duty to him, I am sure I could never have borne so patiently, nor at all, my exile. But, as it was, I could only let the days go on—though the sweetness of my life seemed going with them—and wait.

We had a lovely little cottage for our housekeeping, father and Tom and I, on the outskirts of Denver, and a view of valleys and mountain tops that were a ceaseless wonder and delight. I felt the charm of this grand, solitary nature in the intervals of pining for the picket fences and dwarf orchards of my "native heath," and used to rove about in stout shoes and a big hat, getting within restricted limits some faint idea of "magnificent distances" so lavishly spread before the eyes. One day I came in before dinner, rather tired, very sunburnt and dusty, and was about to disappear for half an hour's seclusion and bath, when I heard a man's footstep sound quickly on the wide piazza. I knew it was not time for Tom, but nevertheless Tom it proved to be. He had come in from town a little early, his hands full of packages, books, etc., as usual.

"Della," he called, "can you come back down the road with me now, this minute? There's a poor sheep there that's badly hurt in some way. I don't exactly know what has happened, but bring some milk, will you? and we'll see what we can do. It isn't far, just off the first turn, by the wheat field. I'll run upstairs with these things first."

But I did not wait for Tom's escort. I was off down the road with a little tin pail of milk almost before his last word reached me. The sun was near its setting, and the low evening light seemed to spread in a hush over the wide beauty of the world. I crossed to the wheat field and through the gate in search of my wayside patient, and there, a little in from the road, standing quietly against the hedge and looking at me as I came, stood—Loftus.

I don't know what happened to the milk—but I knew afterward when he showed me how badly his clothes were deluged—for the dear fellow was kneeling on the grass before me, with his face hidden in my arms.

I can't remember what we said at first, it was so mixed with sobs and tears and kisses. He looked pale and worn and thin. Loftus thin! And oh, it was so sweet to laugh together, as we laughed when I stammered out: "Tom sent me here to find a—sheep—that—that was hurt."

"And you've found him, haven't you?" said my dear, dear Loftus. "And whom are you, you little brown milkmaid, with the sunburnt face?"

Oh, those wonderful sweet first moments, when I knew he was with me once again! But I think he must have been aware that my face was dirty, though he called it sunburnt.

"And why have you come in this way?" I asked him when I began to collect my thoughts a little.

"Oh, the idea of surprise was Tom's. I found him at his place of business and we came out together, and then he told me to wait for you here, and he would make some excuse to send you, alone."

"Oh, Loftus! but I mean how happened you to come from Pimley, so suddenly, and—without telling me?"

"Dear," said Loftus, with a very grave face, "I came because—because—Eunice is dead."

I could only look at him with wide eyes of amazement.

"Eunice Craig is dead," he repeated, still more softly. "I can tell you now why I could not sooner claim my wife. But you have trusted me as never woman trusted husband, or lover—Dell, Dell, how could you know that I have loved you all these long, long, weary years that we have lived apart."

But I did not heed his question. "Oh, poor Eunice," I said, with a rush of sorrowful remembrance. We had both known her as beautiful, strong and young, and the ending of the story seemed so pitiful. "Her life was too sad, Loftus! we can only be glad of the release"—

"You never knew how sad her life was, Della," said Loftus, gently, "nor how much I suffered for her. While she lived I could not ask you to be my wife. She had made me promise this long, long ago, though she knew I loved you with every beat of my heart."

"Eunice made you promise?" I asked, slowly. It seemed I could not understand his words.

"She had no right to ask this sacrifice," he said, quickly, "but—she had loved me all her life. I did not dream of her feeling until once, when I was very ill—you remember the time I was hurt so badly in Craig's lumber mill? They nursed me at the house, you know, and Eunice was with me day and night. She thought I was dying and did not hide her heart, poor child—but I was engaged to you—and I told her—and after that she never seemed like herself again. And then her great illness came, and the doctors gave her no hope of recovery. That was the time she made me promise not to marry until she died, and above all never to tell you she had asked this promise. No one thought she could live longer than that summer—and yet for twelve years—twelve years, Della, she has kept me from your side. Doesn't it seem inexplicable how such a thing could happen?"

"Oh, you dear, splendid—martyr, you!" I said, gasping. "And all the time I thought you—didn't care!"

"Care!" said Loftus, with an emphasis that made me feel myself a wretched ingrate. And then he added in a determined, business-like way: "I want you to marry me to-morrow, Dell—not one day later. I've been a martyr long enough."

I felt that he had been, indeed, but I answered, laughing: "Then you must begin to be a saint." And he really proved himself worthy of the name by waiting more than a week with most exemplary patience, until I had a pretty white dress made for the wedding.

We are living in Pimley, in the old house, under the maples. Father is with us, and Tom comes on flying visits now and then. Our children play among the lanes and meadows where I and Loftus played. I am a very happy woman, but I often wonder how it would have been if Eunice had not died!

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Ladies' Home Journal.

TOO GREAT EXERTION.

The Schoolma'am Performed Too Much Physical Labor.

The pretty little teacher had been put in charge of a class of small boys under the impression that they would perhaps respect her sex and her beauty, and behave better than they had with other teachers. The experiment seemed to have been a success after the first week or two.

"They were worse than ever for a short time," said the superintendent, "and then her bright, cheery manner seemed to make an impression on them."

So the superintendent was both surprised and sorry when she tendered her resignation, and tried to induce her to reconsider the matter.

"I can't do it," she said. "I find I am not strong enough."

"I admit that it tires one greatly," said the superintendent. "I presume there is nothing so exhausting as the work of a conscientious teacher, although the public never seems to realize it."

"I go home every night utterly worn out," she said, "and my health is suffering."

"Yes," he admitted, "the tax on the nerves and the brain—"

"The nerves and the brain!" she repeated, in surprise.

"Why, yes. All brain work is—"

"O, I can stand that all right," interrupted the pretty little teacher, "but I'm not strong enough physically to do the manual labor required by that class. I tried kindness at first, but that wouldn't do, and then—"

She absent-mindedly picked up a guttapercha rule, bent it to see that it was supple, and whisked it through the air a couple of times.

"No," she said, "I can't stand it. The physical exertion is wearing me out."—Chicago Tribune.

STARTING A "RUN."

A Splendid Illustration of the Growth of a Rumor.

The damage that can be done by exaggeration as reports pass from mouth to mouth received a striking illustration in Akron, O., the other day. About nine o'clock in the morning a runaway horse dashed through the plate-glass window of one of the biggest banks of the city. The incident of course caused considerable excitement for a moment, and as the news of it spread through town some nervous and excitable individual connected the words "run" and "bank" in an ominous way. This idiot soon was convinced that there was a run on the bank, and he so told all the shop people in his neighborhood. That was enough. Nothing more was needed. By twelve o'clock that day there were hundreds of money-mad and frenzied men and women around that bank scrambling to withdraw their deposits. The broken plate-plass window only served to increase their excitement, and all attempts by the bank officials to explain the situation were howled down. By the closing hour in the afternoon thousands of dollars had been drained from the vaults of the bank, and but for other banks coming to the assistance of the unfortunate institution that night by distributing circulars around the city telling depositors that they (the other banks) would cash all checks, properly certified, on the bank with the broken plate-glass window the run would have continued the next day and resulted in "busting" the bank, for there is no institution that can withstand a run without warning.—Chicago News.

Scientifically Deduced.

"I am afraid cook is getting careless," said Prof. Potterby. "I find here in my apple pie a specimen of the Diptornis Borealis Apollinaris, an insect that never was known to select the apple as its habitat. Either Mary Ann is getting careless or I have made a valuable scientific discovery."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Tom—"Do you notice how Miss English drops her eyes when you speak to her?" Dick—"No; but I notice how she drops her h's when she speaks to me."—Yale Record.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Bryn Mawr European fellowship 1892-3 has been received by Annie Crosby Emery.

—There are now at the university of Geneva 223 men and 56 women medical students, all Russians or Poles.

—The Catholic Total Abstinence union has grown from a few scattered members to 15 societies with 20,000 members.

—Almost one-fourth of the receipts of the Basel Missionary society comes from subscribers who give only a halfpenny a week. Nearly $60,000 is annually received from this source.

—Rev. George H. Bishop, of Orange, N. J., has announced that he doesn't want any rich people in his congregation, but prefers to preach to the low, the holy and the tough of his neighborhood.

—A Gardiner (Me.) clergyman allows his parishioners to pick out the texts for his sermons. But unless he exercises a veto power in some cases the practice might give rise to awkward complications.

—The Protestant Christians of Japan number over 30,000, organized into over 200 churches; with about 130 ordained Japanese ministers, and nearly 500 Japanese evangelists and workers, and with nearly 400 men training in theological schools.

—Miss Anna Wood, director of physical training at Wellesley college, looks forward with eager eyes to the time when her college boat crew can contest with Harvard and Yale. She is not sanguine, though, as to the prospect of the girls ever excelling in foot-ball.

—Mrs. Marshal Ballington Booth is said to receive but seven dollars a week for her services to the Salvation Army. With all her public work she finds time to make her little boy's garments, and to look after the housekeeping of her small simple home in Jersey City.

—Cecilia Beaux, of Philadelphia, has won for the fourth time the Mary Smith prize of the Pennsylvania academy. The conditions that accompany the gift provide that the same person shall not receive it more than five times, and that the competitors must be residents of Pennsylvania.

—Mr. Moody has issued an appeal to the Christian young men of Great Britain to come to America, entering his training school at Chicago, and engaged in Christian work in this country. He says that there was never such a demand for young men for Christian work as in America to-day. The calls are from every center of the country for evangelists, home missionaries, Sunday-school missionaries, city missionaries, pastors' assistants, and Y. M. C. A. secretaries. All the calls that can be met are supplied; but in many cases requests have to be denied for lack of men.

ON THE BORDER.

A Land Where Civilization and Savagery Meet.

Upon the one thousand five hundred miles of the shore of Lake Superior there are living now less than one hundred thousand persons, and these are mainly in bustling cities like Duluth, Superior and Marquette, in industrial colonies like Calumet and Red Jacket, or in struggling little ports like Fort William and Port Arthur. Even there the wilderness and primeval conditions are face to face with robust civilization which is shouldering its way as capital is accustomed to do rather than as natural growth usually asserts itself. Not that it is not a wholly natural growth which we find at all points on the lake shore, for it is all in response to the inexorable laws of supply and demand. Yet the communities there have sprung into being far apart from well-settled regions in answer to these laws.

Thus it happens that to-day one may ride in an electric street-car to the starting-point for a short walk to a trout stream, or one may take the steam railroad, and in an hour alight at Forest station, breakfasting there, but enjoying for luncheon a cut of the deer or a dish of the trout or the partridge which he has killed for the purpose. It is, so to say, a region wherein the wholesale fisherman with his steamboat disturbs the red man who is spearing fish for supper, where the wolf blinks in the glare of the electric lamp, and where the patent stump-puller and the beaver work side by side.

The strange condition is most startlingly illustrated by a recent occurrence in Michigan, in the same region. Close to a watering resort which is crowded in summer by persons from all over the west, some men were cutting timber in the winter. Two brothers were among them. One hit himself with an axe, cutting open an artery in his leg. The other hurried away for surgical help. When the messenger returned, nothing but the bones of his brother were left. Wolves, attracted by the scent of his blood, had eaten him up.

It is thus that there is forced upon the comprehension the practical newness of this giant fresh-water sea, which geologists would have us believe is millions of years old, and which even history mentions in detailing the exploits of men who died in the seventeenth century. But with the youth of this new civilization have come the vigor and enterprise needed to develop industries and to rear cities of which all the people of all the states, new and old, may well feel proud.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Lemon Water Ice: Put a pound of sugar and a pint of water on to boil, chip the yellow rind from three lemons and one orange, add to the sirup, boil five minutes and stand away to cool. Peel the lemons and orange, cut them in halves, take out the seeds and squeeze out all of the juice; mix with the sirup, strain, put in the freezer and freeze.—Boston Budget.

—To clean window, picture and looking-glasses there is nothing so good as methylated spirits. A rag dipped in the spirit should be rubbed over the glass, which should afterward be polished with chamois. This plan is especially good in frosty weather, when water can not be used. The methylated spirit dries quickly and gives a bright polish to the glass.—Detroit Free Press.

—A recipe for ice-cream is one quart cream, one pint of milk, one-half pound of white sugar and the whites of three eggs, beaten very light and put in with the flavoring after the mixture is strained and in the freezer. In making ice-creams these proportions are proper: To one pound of preserved fruit of any kind add a quart of cream, the juice of two lemons to heighten the flavor, and sugar to your taste.—N. Y. World.

—Deviled Sardines: Mix together one tablespoonful of dry mustard, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-tenth of a teaspoonful of cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil or three of melted butter, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Drain eight sardines; then split them and remove the backbone. Spread them with the devil mixture and lay them on deviled biscuit. Place in a pan and in a very hot oven for five minutes. Dish on a napkin and serve hot.

—An excellent and easy way to cook potatoes is to peel them; place them in a tin dish—a large pie-pan is suitable. Put into the pan a cupful of water, and sprinkle a little salt over all. Then put a bit of butter about the size of a cherry pit on each potato, and put them into a hot oven. Be careful that they do not burn, but just brown nicely. They should bake about fifteen or twenty minutes if the fire is good. Try them with a fork as you would if they were boiled. Serve them hot, and the family will be certain to relish them.—Boston Budget.

—Nut Cakes: Beat one pound and one ounce of sugar with six eggs for an hour, add one pound and one ounce of flour, two and a half ounces of grated almonds—a few bitter ones should be added—a little whole cinnamon, a few whole cloves, the grated rind of a lemon, a teaspoonful of coarsely chopped candied lemon peel, a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla, a teaspoonful of rum. When the whole has been thoroughly kneaded, shape it with the hand into little round or oblong cakes, rub a sheet of tin over with a bit of wax, place the cakes on it, and bake in a moderate oven.—Harper's Bazar.

—An excellent tonic to be taken during a tedious cold and obstinate cough is given by an Englishwoman, who laughingly added to the recipe the admonition to "begin in time, or the cold may kill you before the cure is ready." Put three whole fresh eggs in a porcelain bowl and squeeze over them through a strainer the juice of two large lemons. Keep the eggs immersed in this lemon-bath until the shells are dissolved, which will take about three days, or perhaps four. The eggs should be turned often to let the juice do its work completely. When ready beat up with a silver fork, and add one-quarter pound of sugar and half a pint of rum; shake it well and take a large wineglass full every morning. The mixture may be bottled for use.—N. Y. Times.

Poems in Petticoats.

The prettiest articles of attire about just now are the petticoats. They are poems in themselves. Some of them are made of black watered silk, striped with narrow lines of pink and blue and yellow, and have three ruches of the different colors set around the hem at intervals of two inches. These ruches are either of fringed silk or of satin ribbon. Other petticoats are made of shot satin with a gathered flounce of satin round the hem, and over this falls a flounce of lace sewn on with a double beading, through which are run "baby" ribbons to be tied in rosettes here and there. This notion carried out in heliotrope shot with pale green, with the lace very fine and of a holland hue, and the ribbons to match the satin, is altogether lovely.—Chicago Tribune.

Portraits as Wedding Gifts.

The bride's wedding-gift to the groom is becoming a unique feature of the modern fashionable wedding, and the knowledge of what it will be is kept an inviolable secret from him until the wedding-day. One of the loveliest of the season's brides, a slender, graceful blonde, had a life-size, three-quarter length portrait painted of herself in a simple gown her lover had often admired; and instead of having a massive square frame of gilt, it was surrounded by an artistic one, oval in shape, of white enameled wood carved in a floral design through which meandered a ribbon of gold which terminated at the top in a double true-lovers' knot. The gift was a genuine surprise to the recipient, who saw it for the first time when it was diplayed with the wedding-gifts to the bride.—Demorest.

—"So the cook is going to leave?" said the husband. "I don't know. I discharged her to-day and she said she would think it over." — Washington Star.

The June Wide Awake

Is a picturesque and altogether delightful number. Elbridge S. Brooks "reproduces" for the boys and girls of to-day a Roman boy's letter descriptive of the gorgeous pageant in the Rome of Emperor Augustus' day when Horace led the children's parade to the strains of his famous secular hymn, and when emperor, senators, matrons, priests and Vestals joined the young paraders in doing honor to "Children's Day;" that now famous Franco-American boy-editor, Tello d'Apery, tells how he "runs" his paper, the Sunny Hour, and swells his "barefoot fund;" Edith Robinson has a timely and typical Boston story of "How Jack Sailed with Leif Ericsson." Two fine new serial stories are begun in this number: "The Coral Ship," a story of adventure by Kirk Munroe, and "That Mary Ann," a delightful girl and boy story by Kate Upson Clark. The poetry of this number is from Louise Chandler Moulton, "M. E. B.," Margaret J. Preston, Cora Stuart Wheeler, Lilian Crawford True, and others, and the "Men and Things" department is as full of good material as usual. The illustrations are full of strength and spirit, and the number is one that will be read, without stopping, from cover to cover. Wide Awake is only 20 cents a No.; $2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Co., Boston, publishers.

In the Swim.

A serious accident happened at the supper table. Somebody—it is always "somebody" who is to blame—upset a pitcher of water over the cloth. There was a general scampering, and a calling for some other somebody to remedy the mischief.

How could you be so careless, Sam?" cried Will, indignantly.

"Never mind, my boy," replied Sam, in his airy way. "It's all right. We're all in the swim now!"—Detroit Free Press.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
[SEAL.] *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE stenographer does not live from hand to mouth, although his business is from mouth to hand.

Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man

Or woman bowed with the infirmities of age, and more particularly lumbago. But more practical, more friendly than pity is this sound piece of advice to such persons, as well to all delicate people and convalescents: Try a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest sustaining tonic which people of declining years and the feeble generally can adopt. Kidney and rheumatic troubles and lumbago, which are peculiarly incident to age, are counteracted by this superb corrective, which also removes indigestion, malarial complaints, billiousness, la grippe.

THE forger is not wholly bad. He is ever ready to write a wrong.—Boston Transcript.

NO WONDER the minutes fly so fast—they are making up time.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

MODERN society overlooks a soiled reputation much more readily than it does soiled gloves.—Texas Siftings.

IF anything can give us a rest a nap-kin.

THE promising young man is always in debt.

THE telephone takes everybody's word.—Binghamton Republican.

JAGSON says that when it comes to boxing the undertaker can lay out any man.—Elmira Gazette.

IT is not impossible to meet with a plump refusal from a slender girl.—Texas Siftings.

"AH, I am gaining ground rapidly," as the man said when the dust storm covered him with layer after layer.—Philadelphia Record.

MANY a warm lover of nature finds after marriage that he is wedded to art.—Boston Transcript.

THE luckiest thing about the horseshoe over the door is that it doesn't drop on your head.

THE new name for the man who throws a banana peel on the sidewalk is a bananarchist.—Texas Siftings.

TO PROVE that the clothes he sells are all wool a Ridge avenue dealer shows customers the moths in the garments.—Philadelphia Record.

THE canary is thoroughly professional, never singing a note without first presenting a bill.—Elmira Gazette.

MAN'S life is a constant trial and all his neighbors are on the jury.—Indianapolis Journal.

WOMEN make good light housekeepers. They know when the buoys are all right.—N. O. Picayune.

"OH, yes, ours is a hard business," said the dressmaker. "It's snip and tuck with us all the time, you know."—Harvard Lampoon.

HE who courts and runs away may live to court another day; but he who weds and courts girls still may get in court against his will.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

THE man who tries to make a living in the desert has a great deal of sand in his craw.—Dallas News.

IN 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

MANY shall court distinction for whom the wedding day will never be set.

FRESHNESS and purity are imparted to the complexion by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

A FEMALE model is not necessarily a model female.—Boston Journal.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on the liver and other vital organs. One dose relieves sick headache in 20 minutes.

SMALLPOX is breaking out again. It is pitiful.—N. O. Picayune.

WM. SPRAGUE SMITH, Providence, R. I., writes: "I find Bradycrotine always cures headache." All druggists. 50 cents.

A SHOW of opposition is very apt to be an exhibition of folly.

THE Ram's Horn is published at Indianapolis, Indiana, at $1.50 per year.

THE fisheries question—Did you bring the flask?—Kate Field's Washington.

On the road to health—the consumptive who reasons and thinks. Consumption is developed through the blood. It's a scrofulous affection of the lungs—a blood-taint. Find a perfect remedy for scrofula, in all its forms—something that *purifies* the blood, as well as *claims* to. That, if it's taken in time, will cure Consumption.

Dr. Pierce has found it. It's his "Golden Medical Discovery." As a strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder, nothing like it is known to medical science. For every form of Scrofula, Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, Weak Lungs, Severe Coughs, and kindred ailments, it's the only remedy so sure that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

"You get well, or you get $500." That's what is promised, in good faith, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, to sufferers from Catarrh. The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are permanently cured by this Remedy.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda combined with cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion improve the appetite, promote digestion, and increase the weight.

They are thought by some to be food; but this is not proved. They are tonics; this is admitted by all.

Cod-liver oil is mainly a food, but also a tonic.

In Scott's Emulsion the cod-liver oil and hypophosphites are so combined as to get the full advantage of both.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York. 35

"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J. 40

PAPER HANGERS send 10 cents for Sample Book of the Largest line of Wall Paper in the West, Cheap. WM. DEARBERG, Cincinnati, O.

S.S.S. CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain. INHERITED SCROFULA

MRS. T. L. MATHERS, Matherville, Miss.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
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The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc. PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO. Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.
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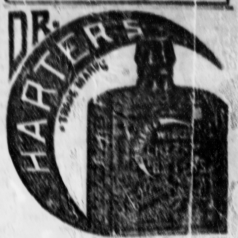
DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.



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Takes hold in this order:
Bowels,
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Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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For Ladies and Gents. Six styles in Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires.
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Strictly HIGH GRADE in Every Particular.
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THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED
SAPOLIO
GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS.
SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

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Tower's Improved SLICKER is Guaranteed Absolutely Water-proof. Will not Peel Leak or Stick. Soft Woolen Collar. Watch Out!
All Improved Slickers have beside the Fish brand Trade Mark on every Coat.
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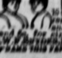

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CANCER AND TUMORS CURED; no knife; Book Free. Drs. GRATIGNY & NORRIS, 163 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.
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$5. per day and up; easy work, either sex. No peddling; no capital. ... F. O. Drawer 1, KANSAS CITY, Mo.

WANTED COUNTY AGENTS ... clay cooking vessels. ... every two weeks. Address, ...

PISO'S CURE FOR
Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—E. 1397.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Kentucky Fairs.

Shelbyville, July 13th—3 days.
Hustonville, July 14th—2 days.
Lancaster, July 15th—2 days.
Eminence, July 19th—5 days.
Harrodsburg, July 25th—5 days.
Danville, August 2nd—5 days.
Versailles, August 2nd—5 days.
Sharpsburg, August 9th—4 days.
Springfield, August 9th—4 days.
Columbia, August 9th—4 days.
Lawrenceburg, August 9th—3 days.
Nicholasville, August 16th—5 days.
Campbellsville, August 16th—4 days.
Uniontown, August 16th—5 days.
Maysville, August 23rd—5 days.
Lebanon, August 23rd—4 days.
Henderson, August 23rd—5 days.
London, August 24th—3 days.
Lexington, August 24th—5 days.
Frankfort, August 30th—5 days.
Paris, September 6th—5 days.
Bardstown, September 6th—5 days.
Bowling Green, Sept 6th— - days.
Winchester, Sept. 13th—5 days.
Elizabethtown, Sept. 13th—4 days
Horse Cave, September 20th—4 days.
Cynthiana, September 29th—3 days.
Hartford, September 28th—4 days.
Mt. Sterling, Sept. 27th—4 days.
Hazel Green, September 27th—4 days.
Owenton, October 4th—5 days.

"That Good Medicine."

Mr. C. D. Cone, attorney, of Parker, South Dakota, says: "I take pleasure in saying to the public, as I have to my friends and acquaintances for the last five years that I consider Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy the best medicine for the purposes it is intended that I ever tried. Since I have used i' I would not be without it. I was r.ways subject to cholera morbus and never found anything else that gives the relief that this remedy does. I never leave home without taking it with me, and on many occasions have ran with it to the relief of some sufferer and have never known it to fail. My children always call for 'that good medicine' when they have a pain in the stomach or bowels." For sale by Rose & Jones.

Killed By a Gun Trap.

A Frankfort special to the Courier-Journal, June 23: "At half past 10 o'clock tonight John Daley met a sudden and violent death while attempting to rob the money drawer in Fincel Bros.' butcher shop. Fincel Bros.' till has been frequently tapped of late, and to put a stop to thievery they set a trap for the thief, in the form of a rifle, so arranged that when the door of the shop should be opened the rifle would be discharged.

"Daley entered the store from the rear through a window, and in attempting to open the door connecting with the front room of the shop, discharged the rifle, the ball entering the stomach and causing an ugly wound, from which death ensued in less than an hour.

"When found and interrogated as to how he had been shot, he answered: 'Look at the door and you will see." Mr. Fincel and his wife both fainted after seeing the body. The Coroner's jury held an inquest and brought in the following verdict: 'The deceased came to his death by a shot from a gun-trap, while attempting to rob a store.' Daley was about eighteen years old and was the son of Mr. Louis Daley, of this place."

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A CERTAIN cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes. For sale by Rose & Jones. oct9y1

A Good Democrat.

Some one speaking of the intelligence of the horse, reminds us that some weeks since the Sheriff announced from the Court-house door that all good Democrats were wanted within. "Jack," the spotted pony, belonging to Hon. A. W. Bascom, was standing down the street in a buggy, but when he heard the word Democrat, he made a 'bee line' for the Court-house, not stopping until the buggy to which he was hitched came in contact with a tree nearly in front of the Court-house door. Mr. Bascom is a staunch Democrat, and "Jack" has absorbed Democratic principles until he is loyal to the core.—Owingsville Opinion.

Standard Investment.

S. S. Brandt, of Montgomery, Mo., writes: "Please send me a bottle of Quinn's Ointmen I have used it for capped hock, windpuffs and thoroughpin with great success. Would not be without it in my barn." For sale by Rose & Jones.

In nearly one hundred counties in Kentucky it is said there are no contracts as to the prices to be charged for school books, and the trust can charge any price it cares to. A few counties require certain rates, but they are not as low as will be secured under the competition proposed by the Stewart bill.—Lexington Leader.

A Guaranteed Remedy.

Megrimine, the only permanent cure for all forms of headache and neuralgia, relieves the pain in from 15 to 20 minutes. For sale on positive guarantee at THE HERALD office, or sent postpaid by mail on receipt of price. 50 cents a box.

[illegible] D. D. Sublett, who was here this [illegible] to O. H. Cunningham, of this [illegible], 3[illegible] acres of land in Breathitt county for $[illegible] per acre. Mr. Cunningham [illegible] large tracts in that section [illegible] stave timber it contains, and will [illegible] a stave factory at Jackson or this place.—Winchester Democrat.

The Public School.

That which applies to the schools in Bath county will also appropriately apply to those of other counties, and we therefore copy the following from the Owingsville Opinion: "We do not wish to be understood as giving advice to the school trustees—they will be the recipients of an abundance, such as it is—but we hope that the gentlemen will use their best judgment in the selection of a teacher, regardless of the opinion of others. Let the school be a 'public school' in the widest acceptation of that term. Let the churches keep hands off and a man be selected who will teach a school that will reflect credit on the community. The trustees last year reflected great credit on themselves and the community in their selection of teachers and in repairing the school building, and we have no doubt but the present trustees, being men of experience and good sense, will do quite as good work."

We know of no preparation for the hair and scalp that equals Hall's Hair Renewer.

A Ten-Thousand-Year Clock.

Herr A. Noil, of Berlingen, Germany, has constructed the most marvelous timepiece that was ever evolved from the human mind. Calculation, based on two years of solid going, prove what the maker claims for his wonderful clock, viz: That it will run for 10,000 years without winding. Hands on the dial point to the time of day, the day, the week, months, seasons and years. It also calculates the changes in the moon and tells when the sun is "fast" or "slow." The clock is the result of five years of patient, arduous labor.

The following, clipped from the Burlington Junction (Mo.) Post, contains information of no little value to persons troubled with indigestion:

"For some years the editor of the Post has been subject to cramp colic or fits of indigestion that prostrated him for several hours and unfitted him for business for two or three days afterward. About a year ago we called on S. J. Butcher, druggist, and asked for something to ward off an attack that was already making life hideous. Mr. Butcher handed us a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. We took the medicine according to directions, and not only found relief on that occasion, but have several times since tried its virtues and found relief in every instance. We take this method of acknowledging the cure to all others subject to indigestion."

For sale by Rose & Jones.

The possibilities of development in this great country are by no means confined to the big cities. Four years ago Andrew Jackson Asher was a sturdy Kentucky mountaineer, possessing nothing but a wild tract of land whose metes and bounds were not even determined, a wife and a log cabin full of children, and last but not least a trusty rifle, with which he defied the entire power of the greatest railroad corporation in the South when it attempted to poach on his preserves. A few days ago this obscure but independent Kentuckian received $100,000 for a piece of his land, and has long since laid aside his gun for a walking stick Capt. Asher remains amidst the surroundings where the days of his simplicity were passed, but should he take a notion to venture into the haunts of man where glory and grandeur abound, he could be depended on to cut as good a figure as the best of them.—Louisville Times.

In another column of this paper will be found an advertisement of a medicine known as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrœa Remedy for sale by Rose & Jones, of this place. In almost every neighborhood throughout the west there are some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by this remedy. It is natural for such persons to take especial pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows its introduction and use makes it immensely popular. While it is intended especially for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhœa, it is also claimed to cure chronic diarrhœa. If such be the case, it is certainly a "Godsend" to many a poor mortal.

Major J. H. Tabler, the well known contractor, accompanied by his partner, Capt Cundup, of Knoxville, Tenn, will be in the city for several days for the purpose of contracting for building artificial stone pavements, and they have already secured several contracts. They went to Beattyville Monday for the purpose of securing the contract to build the Winchester and Beattyville road from Kentucky River Bend to Proctor. Major Tabler is exceedingly popular in Clark, having built a large part of the Big Sandy railroad in 1871-2.—Winchester Democrat.

RHEUMATISM
neuralgia,
and sciatica
can always be
successfully treated
with
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
A cure
is sure to follow
the persistent
use of this
medicine.
Has Cured Others
will cure you.

ASHLAND PARK STALLIONS FOR 1892.

BERMUDA 5874.

Yearling exhibition 2:39¾; two-year old record 2:29¾; three-year old record 2:24½ (third heat); four-year old record 2:22; five-year old record 2:20½ (fourth heat); six-year old trial 2:17. Black horse, 15.3 hand high, foaled June 15, 1883. Bred at Ashland Park.

SIRED BY BANKER 4144.

Own brother to Lysander, sire of Lysander Boy 2:20¾, Watt 2:24¾, William Kearney 2:20½ and Lysander Chief 1646.

First Dam Pattie Patchen, trial 2:38 (grandam of Chesnut Wilks 2:29) by Mambrino Patchen, sire of the dam of Guy Wilkes 2:15¼, Astral 2 18, Rosa Wilkes 2:18¼, Elvira 2:18½, Cleora 2:18¾, Houri 2:17 and twenty-nine others in the 2:30 list.

Second dam Mandy by Stanhope's Blood Hawk, sire of the dam of Almont 2:17½ and Alcy Wilkes 2:26¾.

Third dam Pattie by Downing's Vermont, sire of the dam of Enigma 2:26; Mambrino Bruce 2;40½, sire of Kit Curry 2:18¼; Bell Wilson 2:25; Gill's Vermont, sire of Bonner Boy 2:23, and sire of the dams of Abel 2:24¼, Col. Bradshaw 2:20¾, Nelly L. 2:23¼, Gambetta 2:26, The King 2:29¼, Outlaw 2:29¼, Pearl 2:30.

Fourth dam Jessie by Thomas Jefferson.

He is a beautiful black, with right hind ankle white, stands 15¾ hand high, and is a perfect horse all over, having both bone and substance, combined with the form and finish characteristic of the cross he so well represents, viz: Hambletonian sire and Mambrino Patchen dam. This cross stands as the very best, because public performances have demonstrated its value. Of its many representatives not one is the superior of Bermuda, for not one has demonstrated the same ability to train on from year to year, beginning with the yearling form. None are better bred or better looking.

As a sire his success is assured, as out of eight, his first crop, two entered the list last year as two year olds, namely Bermuda Boy 2:29 (half-mile track) and Rosemary 2:25¾, Bermuda Boy being one of the largrst winning two-year olds of 1891, his first colts being foaled in 1889. Judged at this age no stallion ever sired more uniform, natural-gaited colts, with speed unprecedented. He will stand for mares, season of 1892, at $200 TO INSURE, the money to be paid as follows: $100 at the time of service, and the other $100 when the mare proves in foal, being limited to thirty outside mares. Parties wishing to breed to him had better book their mares early.

FAYETTE WILKES 2036

(Exhibition trial Oct. 9, 1886, 2:23½.)

Bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches high, foaled May 3, 1878. The handsomest son of his great sire, and the handsomest of any trotting bred in the United States.

SIRED BY GEORGE WILKES 2:22.

Sire of Harry Wilkes 2:13½, Guy Wilkes 2:15¼, Mike Wilkes, pacer, 2:15¾, Wilson 2:16¼, So-so 2:17½, Wilcox, pacer, 2:16¼, Rosa Wilkes 2:18¼, Wilton 2:19¼, Joe Bunker 2:19¼, Flora Wilkes, pacer, 2:19½. Tom Rogers 2:20, &c.

First dam Sally Hamlet (winner of two-year old Hamlet stakes in 1875) by Hamlet (sire of Loretta F, 2:18¾, A. V. Pantlind 2:20¼, Truro, pacer, 2:22¾, Lady M. 2:23, Leontine 2:23¼, Brookside Flora 2:29, and the dams of Thornless 2:18¼, Cyclone 2:23½, Granby 2:25½, Graceful 2:25½ and Hamletta 2:29¼.

Second dam Sal (dam of Coaster 2:26¼, Captain Clay, Driftwood, and grandam of Marlowe, pacer, 2:15) by Canada Chief, sire of dams of Governor 2:30 and Joe Hooker, sire Maud Macey 2:17¾. &c.

Third dam, the dam of Sofe, that produced Blanche 2:25¼, by Imp. Yorkshire, sire of the dam of Ashland Chief, sire of Black Cloud 2:17¼.

Fourth dam by Woodpecker, thoroughbred, sire of Prince 2:27½, ten miles in 28:08½.

The fee of Fayette Wilkes is within the reach of all, and lower than that of any horse of equal merit in Kentucky. Season $100, or $200 TO INSURE.

WEST CLOUD 5195.

Out of the dam of Black Cloud 2:17¼, his sire out of the dam of Wilson 2:16¼. Bay horse, foaled March 31, 1884. Bred at Ashland Park.

SIRED BY ABDALLAH WEST 2583.
(Sire of Wilkin 2:27).

First dam, the dam of Black Cloud 2:17¼, by Pilot Walker, pacer.

Second dam the Cluke Pacing Mare.

NOTE.—Abdallah West 2583, by Allie West, first dam Miss Coons, dam of Wilson 2:16¼, by Clark Chief; second dam Ohio, by American Clay; third dam brought from Ohio and represented to be by Brown's Bellfounder. Abdallah West died at six years old. He was the most promising colt I ever bred.

West Cloud is a rich mahogany bay, 15 hands 2 inches, with black mane and tail, and black legs extending above knees and hocks. He is a powerfully built horse for his height, and has the most finished set of feet and legs it is possible to get on a horse of any breed. As a two-year old he gave evidence of being possessed of remarkable speed, as with little handling he trotted a half-mile in 1:18 1-5 and miles in his work in 2:49½. At three years old he was not trained, owing to a very severe attack of pink eye. He also did no work on th. track as a four-year old. As a five-year old he was jogged and trained lightly, more for the purpose of ascertaining if he was entirely recovered than with a view of testing his speed. In a few months he trotted a full mile in 2:38 and half in 1:15. The season (1890) he served a few mares of my own, and was not put to work until September, and his improvement was most remarkable. He repeatedly trotted halves in 1:10, and I am fully convinced he will, with a season's training, trot in 2:20. I will let him serve twenty mares, season of 1892, outside of ten of my own, at $50 INSURANCE. Money due when mare proves to be in foal.

HAPPY WEST 5414.

Bay Stallion, foaled May 1, 1886, bred at Ashland Park.

SIRED BY HAPPY MEDIUM 400.

Sire of Nancy Hanks 2:09; Maxie Cobb 2:13¾; Eddie C., pacer, 2:20; Norman Medium 2:20; Camille 2:20¼; Buzz Medium 2:20¼; Brigadier 2:21¼; Harry Medium 2:21½; Edith 2:22¼; First Love 2:22 1-4; Ernest Maltravers 2:22½, &c.

First dam, Mamie West (dam of Cupania, three-year old record 2:35; Adeline 2:31 1-4; West Bank 2:37 (three years old,) &c.,) by Allie West 745, sire of Jewett 2:14¾; Charley Friel 2:16 1-4; Frank Champ 2:16 1-4; Charley West 2:27½; Rachel B. 2:28½; &c; also sire dams of Mollie Wilkes 2:22 1-4; Allie Wilkes 2:22 1-4; Raven 2:26 1-4; West Wilkes 2:28 1-4, &c.

Second dam, Madam Headley (dam of Miss Mabel, winner two-year old Kentucky Breeders' Stake, 1881, and Rapidan, dam of Lockhart 2:14¾), by Stanhope's Edwin Forrest 851 (sire of Harry Stanhope 2:31), son of Edwin Forrest 49, sire of Billy Hoskins 2:26 1-4; Champagne 2:30, and the dams of So-So 2:17 1-4 (dam of All-So 2:20½), Mambrino Dudley 2:19¾; London 2:20½, &c.

Third dam Mrs. Stanhope by Mambrino Chief II., sire of Lady Thorn 2:18¼, Woodford Mambrino 2:21½ and four others. His sons sired London 2:20½, Pancoast 2:21¾ (sire of Patron 2:14 1-4) and 79 others. His daughters produced Piedmont 2:17 1-4, Director 2:17 (sire of Direct 2:18 1-4, pacing 2:06, Margaret S. 2:12½, &c), and 21 others in the 30 list.

Fourth dam by Hunt's Commodore, sire of dams of Commodore Belmont (sire of Carrie Belle 2:23½, Doncaster 2:28 1-4, Geranium 2:28½ &c), and Mambrunello (sire of Sadie Howe 2:26, Tom Britton 2:26. &c.)

Fifth dam by Copperbottom, grandsire of dam of Rosalind 2:21¾ and Donald 2:27.

NOTE.—Happy West is a rich mahogany bay, 16 hands 2 inches high, and a horse of elegant style, with as good action as any son Happy Medium ever sired, as at two years old he could trot in 2:40, and would have trotted in 2:30 at three years old had it not been for an accident on the cars, by which one of his hind legs was injured, causing him to have to be thrown out of training. In this horse I have the utmost confidence as a great sire, being by Happy Medium, one of the most noted of the sons of Hambletonian, and out of a daughter of the great Allie West; the second dam is the dam of Miss Mabel and Rapidan, who is her first colt, produced Lockhart with a record of 2:14¾. It is my intention to stand Happy West the season of 1892 at $50 INSURANCE, thus affording an opportunity to farmers and breeders to secure the services of one of the greatest speed-producing representatives in the country at a nominal price, as he will be limited to 30 mares. Parties wishing to breed to him should apply early. No other son of the great Happy Medium out of as good a dam stands at such a low figure, but I am determined to let the public test his merits as a sire, believing in the near future he will be among the best in the country.

Mares bred by the season not proving in foal have the usual privileges of return. I breed sound, highly-finished trotters, and have for sale high-bred colts and fillies, out of producing dams, by a greater number of prominent sires than any farm in the land. For sale at prices based on actual individual merit. I wish to farm or breed on the shares twenty approved mares. For further information see the Catalogue, which can be had on application. Mares kept at regular rates.

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JOHN H. PIERATT.

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GOLD DUST.

This combined young stallion will make the season of 1892 at our stables in Hazel Green, Ky., and will serve mares at TEN DOLLARS TO INSURE A LIVING COLT, money due when the mare foals, with a lien on colt until the money is paid, or if the mare is parted with or bred to another horse the money is then due.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

GOLD DUST is 7 years old the 28th day of May, 1892, 16 hands high, a beautiful chestnut, with star and white hind feet, beautiful mane and tail. His power, style and action are unsurpassed. He was sired by Senator Blackburn, he by Dillard Dudley, he by John Dillard, the grandsire of Phil Thompson, record 2:16; Erie, McCloud and Nick, with records better than 2:25. His dam was sired by the Phillips horse, the sire of Blue Jeans, he by Gen. Taylor, &c.

Also, at the same stables will be found the elegantly bred young trotting Stallion,

POST BOY, JR.,

Who will serve a limited number of approved mares at TEN DOLLARS TO INSURE A LIVING COLT, on same terms as above.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

POST BOY, JR. was sired by Post Boy, record 2:23; he by Magic, sire of Clemmie G., 2:15; Alice Stoner, 2:24; Mystery, 2:26, &c.; dam Mollie Emery, sired by Strathmore, sire of Santa Claus, 2:17; Tucker, 2:19; Cricket, 2:10; Adonis, 2:11½; Semicolon, 2:19; Sister V., 2:18½; Hummer, 2:19; Charles Derby, 2:20; Faustino, 2:26; Bonnie Wilmore, 2:22½; Blazeberry, 2:21½, and a number of others in the 2:30 li-t. POST BOY, JR., is a beautiful chestnut with no marks, 7 years old May 15th, 1892, 15 hands 3 inches high, and gives promise of being heard from in the future among trotters. Any one who is familiar with Sidner's Post Boy will readily recognize Post Boy, Jr.

And last, but not least, will be found at the same stables the well-known and highly appreciated JACK,

GEN. JOHN MORGAN,

Who will serve mares at TEN DOLLARS TO INSURE A LIVING COLT, on same terms as above described. This Jack has no superior as a good breeder.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but we will not be responsible should any occur. J. T. DAY & CO.

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There has been added an Annex with 20 large, well ventilated rooms. Street Cars pass the door every five minutes. Located within two squares of depot.

FORREST.·.STONEWALL.

(Record 2:40.)

This combined stallion will make the season of 1892 at $10 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT, money due when the mare foals, is parted with or bred to another horse, with a lien on the colt until the season money is paid.

This stallion will be at the stables of J. B. Cecil, (one mile from Ezel) the first and third weeks of each month, and at W. G. Henry's (2½ miles west of West Liberty, on Caney), the second and fourth weeks of each month.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

Bay, with black points, seven years old this spring, 16½ hands high. Sired by Mambrino Forrest, he by Ned Forrest, Jr., he by Sim's Ned Forrest, he by Alexander's Edwin Forrest; 1st dam by Mambrino Chief, 2nd dam by Virginia Whip, 3d dam by Sir Archie. Forrest Stonewall's 1st dam by Brown's Stonewall, 2d dam by Tom Crowder, 3d dam by Ball's Copperbottom, 4th dam by Old Fancy, by Old Brown Pilot.

Good care will be taken of mares left with us, but we will not be responsible for accidents should any occur.

CECIL & HENRY,
West Liberty, Ky.

Tom Cecil

This combined young Stallion will make the present season of 1892 3½ miles from Hazel Green, at the stable of David B. Rose, at the low price of

$6 to Insure a Living Colt,

Money due when colt is foaled alive, with a lien on colt until season money is paid.

TOM CECIL will be 4 years old the 17th day of May. He is 16½ hands high, has fine color, and can show a three minute gait. He is also a fine saddle horse.

He was sired by the well-known Prater horse, he by the Phillips horse. His first dam was by Blackhawk, and she out of a mare by Bay Bassinger, he by the Love horse, a standard bred horse that stood in Illinois. The Prater horse was out of a celebrated Virginia mare.

TOM CECIL is a good individual, is proving himself a fine breeder, and his colts are large, good color, and show fine combined qualities.

All care will be taken to prevent accidents, but should any occur I will not be responsible. D. B. ROSE.

April 8, 1892.

PENS The justly celebrated 'Perryian' steel pens are sold at this office at 10 cents a dozen, and the best pencil in town, at 5c apiece.